THE New Republic

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Washington Wire

Butler's Boldness

WHO RUNS the Democratic Party? — that is the real issue at the post-election meeting of the National Committee here this week. Chairman Paul Butler says the victorious majority runs the show and if the Southerners "don't want to go along on the racial problem . . . (they should) take leave of the Democratic Party" and "take political asylum wherever they can find it." That was the bold, definitive Butler statement made right during the campaign, to his credit.

Will the party back Butler up? We think the next two years may be a period of historic decision. For almost the first time, the threat of a Southern bolt leaves many unmoved or rejoicing. The South's bargaining power is reduced. FDR and Truman won without the South. The Northern liberals simply cannot bow to the South on civil rights. And if the South bolts it loses its treasured committee chairmanships in Congress. Its strategy, obviously, is to fight a rearguard action, stay in the party, accept a liberal civil rights plank in 1960 and then try to make it meaningless through its leverage in Congress. We should expect it to follow this course.

The danger is that the Democratic National Committee will compromise. It will be tempted to accept the shadow without the substance and allow itself to be Faubused. This may not happen at once. We expect that the committee will give Butler a vote of confidence this week, whatever the South says. But will it take specific, substantive steps?—reject Louisiana's effort to oust National Committeeman Camille Gravel (who urges civil rights compliance); fight to modify the Senate filibuster rule, and reject party clearance next month to Representative-elect Dale Alford (Ark.) who defeated moderate Brooks Hays as a write-in Faubus "independent" and now wants acceptance as a regular Democrat? One thing is certain, the GOP is going to grab the civil rights issue if the Democrats fumble.

SOMEHOW OR OTHER in any big international crisis Eisenhower is always away somewhere playing golf. Now it is West Berlin. Dulles consulted the President at Augusta, and they got out another statement. West Berlin and Quemoy are thousands of miles apart, but they are alike in this: they are situations of international strain where the US has taken a dug-in position and where the Communists are left to take the initiative. We assume this one will bring a huddle of top leaders on our side, and then maybe a summit conference with Khrushchev. Our moral and legal position in Berlin is far stronger, of course, than at Quemoy. But the bold initiative, the daring proposal never comes any longer from our side. What imaginative plan has come from Washington in the past six years? We are lucky even to find the President in the city.

The Daring Young Man

THIS COLUMN has pointed out at various times that Richard Nixon doesn't wear horns. He is not our hero, it is true, but he is nonetheless extraordinarily adept and flexible. He did a good job in London, walked the tightrope skillfully, exuded modest charm.

We are going to get a whole lot of Nixon now. He is aware that he suffered badly in the election (Alaska is the latest place to show that his campaigning did the GOP little good) and now he has a formidable rival in glamor-boy Rockefeller. Here are Nixon highlights for just the last few days: (a) he held a conference with Rockefeller at which they agreed to encourage all GOP Presidential aspirants; (b) leaked out the contents of a warm letter of condolence and indorsement for defeated Brooks Hays (which appeared in the *New York Herald-Tribune* several days before Hays received it); (c) declined to comment on the post-election disclosure that in an October 19 letter to all GOP Congressional candidates he had urged them to attack Democrats as potential appeasers abroad and radicals at home; (d) carried through successfully a goodwill trip to London in which he deplored partisanship and urged unity.

As William Lawrence says in the *New York Times*—1960 will be Nixon's only chance at the Presidential trapeze. If he misses the grab then, he is probably out. There is no intermediate resting place between the Vice-Presidency and the Presidency. A slip there would be final.

Revolution on the Farm

IT IS INSTRUCTIVE to compare the bumper corn crop of 1948 with that of 1958. Each was a record-breaker. But American farmers produced the first one using 85 million acres; they produced the bigger crop (3.8 billion bushels) this year using only 39 million acres—less than half that of 10 years ago. Whether we will face it or not the fact is there: America has seen a dazzling technical revolution in agriculture with the use of new insecticides and fertilizers. It is a revolution like the coming of the cotton gin, or the process of getting cheap aluminum from clay. Yet the whole effect of the government's approach to this development is to try to keep prices up. The city consumer is taxed in order to make his wife pay more at the Supermarket. We are so absorbed in this strange process that the peak farm subsidy of $2.5 billion paid in Truman's time has now risen to $6.4 billion under Eisenhower.

Secretary Benson is one Republican who has just won a smashing victory at the polls: Midwest farmers themselves in their just-completed corn referendum voted 2.5 to 1 for the Benson program to reduce government corn control. The meaning of this is disputed. One thing is certain, however: the supposed panacea of limiting acreage has proved no match for the farm's new fertility.

CHRONOLOGY: July 5, 1957, New York newspaper states Soviets have tested ICBM; officials offer "authoritative" denial. . . . *Aviation Week* breaks story of Turkish radars tracking missiles; officials call this treasonable. . . . October, 1957, Soviets launch Sputnik, cabinet minimizes achievement. . . . November 29, 1958, US ICBM makes 6,325-mile flight; December 1: Word comes Soviets have nuclear-powered airplane "four years ahead of US." And meanwhile—aid to education drive is ditched.

T.R.B.

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Correspondence

► *Should We Stop Filibusters?*

SIRS:

I HAVE TRIED hard, but I have been unable to convince myself that the Senate should adopt a rule of cloture by simple majority for the reasons cited by T.R.B. and in your editorial of last week.

T.R.B.'s argument is simplicity itself:

(Continued on page 31)

Inflation and Recessions

THE PRESIDENT, whose diet is carefully regulated, is convinced that our economy would be healthier if the federal government consumed less. Would it? Has it not been demonstrated that what is good for the private person (or General Motors) is not necessarily good for the country? The United States is still growing rapidly, both in its capacity to produce and in the demands made upon that capacity here and abroad. Should we starve that growth, thus depriving not only ourselves but others whose needs and dangers are greater than ours? Mr. Eisenhower and his advisers fear inflation. And well they might. But in their preoccupation with "promiscuous spending," are they not disregarding the most relevant question, which is: how much of what shall the US produce, from whom, and how shall the costs be met?

It is with this question in mind that we read the remarks last week of Dr. Arthur F. Burns, former chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers. His talk before the Joint Council on Economic Education was modestly titled "Some Lessons of the Recent Recession," and because it is a speech to which reference will be made for a long time to come and since it was so poorly reported by the daily press, a summary is in order.

After reviewing what happened to the American economy after it began to slip in mid-1957, Dr. Burns notes that this recession differed outstandingly from the classical models in that there was relative stability of personal incomes after taxes: Income fell only about one percent, while production fell by six percent. Consumer buying was thus sustained, and "this loosening of the ties between production and the flow of personal incomes is one of the most significant and promising developments of our time."

He then turns to the ways in which federal power was used to combat the decline under the Full Employment Act: In the area of monetary and fiscal policy there was an easing of credit through changes in reserve requirements and the discount rates; housing credit was liberalized; the processing of tax refunds and loan applications was speeded up and minor tax adjustments were made to aid railroads and small business. At the same time, consumer purchasing power was supported by extending unemployment benefits.

But, as between a broad tax cut and increased federal spending (some of the increase being involuntary) the President and Congress relied on public works—defense, housing, education, post offices. And the decisions in these cases, Dr. Burns notes, "were not all taken at once. . . . When scheduled expenditures were finally added up, they came to a much larger total than had been planned or advocated by the fiscal authorities of our government. . . . Most federal expenditures . . . did not become effective soon enough to be of any appreciable aid during the recession. On the other hand, in the current fiscal year, which began . . . about two months

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after the start of recovery, federal budget expenditures are expected to rise $7.3 billion or 10 percent over a year ago. . . . A sharply rising scale of federal spending is still ahead of us. *This is precisely the condition that responsible advocates of a general tax cut sought to prevent.*"

Recession or not, Dr. Burns reminds us, prices go up. "Indeed," he says, "during the recent recession, the level of wholesale prices actually rose one percent, while the level of consumer prices rose a little over two percent. Wages have likewise been unresponsive to recessions. . . . The movement of wages and prices . . . constituted new evidence that while there may well be pauses in the process of inflation as in the last few months, the underlying trend of the price level is still upward." Moreover, "we have even less reason than before to expect that any substantial part of the advance in the price level which normally occurs during business expansion will be erased during business recessions."

Looking ahead, what does Dr. Burns think ought to be done to minimize the harm of future recessions?

► Automatic stabilizers worked well this time: The unemployment compensation system should be extended in its coverage, duration and size of benefits.

► An overhaul of our tax system is needed, "in a calmer atmosphere than existed early this year. . . . Our situation would be better still if we could devise a politically acceptable means of automatically varying tax rates with the ups and downs of economic activity."

► Monetary and credit policies can be more effective: "If . . . a substantial easing of credit conditions comes early enough, it may appreciably hasten economic recovery."

► Since government expenditures on public works lag behind the decisions to make such expenditures, things which are done "to check recession have consequences which, for better or worse, spill over into later periods. Thus the federal spending programs inaugurated during the recession, taken together with the recent behavior of wages and prices, have been a major factor in exciting expectations of inflation which are now spreading dangerously."

As between a public works program and a tax reduction, viewed as anti-recession measures, "both involve . . . a deficit, but it can make a considerable difference to our economy how the deficit is achieved. A broadly based tax reduction is likely to have prompt effects on private spending during a recession, while the effects of public spending may not come until the recession is over." (This was the point at issue in *The New Republic's* disagreement with Senator Neuberger on the question of tax cuts in the spring of '57.)

If the public is to learn from what has happened, it ought, Dr. Burns suggests, to reappraise a wide range of policies: fiscal and monetary; the patchwork of legislative props—farm price supports, stockpiling, wage regulations; monopolies—whether business or labor; the relating of taxes and government expenditures to the business cycle. He offers, finally, two recommendations aimed at enlarging our understanding of inflation: the setting up of area productivity councils throughout the country, and, amending "the Employment Act so that reasonable stability of the consumer price level will be explicitly included among the high objectives which it is the continuing policy and responsibility of the federal government to promote."

These are valuable proposals. But the dilemma persists. Public expenditures—whatever Mr. Eisenhower wishes—are not going to decline any more than the price level is going to decline. If Dr. Burns has his wish and the public becomes more conscious of the dangers of inflation, how will the public respond? Will it spend less on personal comforts? That seems unlikely. Will it deny itself schools, roads, urban renewal, medical care? Not for long. Will it neglect the national defense or foreign economic obligations? We trust not. Can the public then—fearful of inflation—be given a taste for higher taxes? That, like the basic question of what we produce for, is a *political* question, and Dr. Burns would have every right to plead incompetence.

Why Not All Berlin?

KHRUSHCHEV kindly gives the US, Britain and France six months to get out of West Berlin, or. . . . Or what? Or he will get out of East Berlin, leaving its administration to his servants. It was Karl Marx himself who once remarked that though history does sometimes repeat itself, when it does so, what first occurs as tragedy appears the second time as farce. It may be going a little too far to apply this saying to Soviet threats to the four-power status of Berlin. But one may say that the Russian ultimatum is anything but *die Blumen* of peaceful coexistence, and that the Soviet "case" vanishes when exposed to the light of history.

The West, Khrushchev charges, violated the Potsdam accord by remilitarizing West Germany. But four years before the West German soldier was in uniform—in the fall of 1948—military units in East Germany were formed. And before that, while Western forces in Germany had been reduced to constabulary units for the purpose of maintaining local security, the Russians had established an army of 20 divisions in East Germany; and 22 Soviet divisions are there today!

Nazism, Khrushchev claims, was eradicated in the Soviet Zone. True enough. Nazis were eliminated by the simple expedient of incorporating them as activists in the Communist Party. Moreover, the division of Berlin—

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which Khrushchev now finds menacing—was solidified when the Russians seized political control of their sector and then forced the government of greater Berlin out of the Russian sector in an effort to take over all control.

That is the background against which to view the new Soviet proposal for a "free" West Berlin—free of foreign troops, free of interference from East or West, free to be "capitalist": a free island, free to go under. "Spontaneous rallies will be held," a West Berlin newspaper realistically prophesies, "red flags will appear. There will be brawls—and then someone calls for the Peoples' Police. They will come to maintain peace and order. And the police will stay."

Again, Khrushchev prods our governments to produce alternatives. The alternatives are available. A four-power meeting on Germany is another opportunity to negotiate the reunification of Germany, and if the price for a united, democratic Germany is a Germany deprived of nuclear weapons, surely that price would be worth paying —to Germans and to the US.

Meanwhile, the Western governments need not delay their reply to Khrushchev's immediate proposal. Let *all* Berlin, not just West Berlin, become a free city. Let it be understood that this free city is to be the capital of a united Germany, and that nothing in any agreement shall prejudice that ultimate reunification. Until Germany is united, Berlin's security should be guaranteed by the four occupying powers, each retaining a number of troops in the city for that purpose. The proposal might be made more attractive by suggesting that the number of troops be reduced from their present number. It might also be proposed that the United Nations exercise surveillance over the administration of free Berlin, and that no steps would be taken by any of the four powers to alter existing political or economic arrangements within the city. But it would be explicitly agreed that within a stated period free elections would be held in the city to set up a new government for all Berlin.

A LETTER TO LEON KEYSERLING . . .

November 23, 1958

DEAR LEON,

I have read the fascinating "egghead" articles in *The New Republic*. Of course, I am mostly on your side of the discussion. In other words, I prefer the donkey to the chicken. Although discussions of the relative merits of eggheads and practical politicians in government should be conducted—as you have done—in terms of generalities, my own private opinion is that the problem is to get the right mixture in the carburetor—if I may be permitted to make an omelet out of these assorted metaphors. I am for a Congress which contains a reasonable number of eggheads, as well as a large majority of "non-intellectuals." I have the same firm view with respect to the general staff of each Executive Agency. I don't particularly like soft-boiled eggheads and think they should be served only on the well-browned toast of operational politicians.

Of course, the ideal is a hard-boiled egghead, like you. But there aren't many in that category, because few eggheads have been boiled long enough in the hot water of practical politics. And a lot of eggheads who have been boiled for the requisite period of time lose their egginess. Another problem we eggheads face is the very difficult one of avoiding excessive eggo-centricity or eggomania.

On the whole, however, I see more promise in eggheads than in non-eggheads, even though a diet composed exclusively or principally of eggheads would make me, as well as most of the American people, pretty sick. But I confess that I have a personal preference for individual eggheads because of their high energy-giving quality.

By the way, who first committed the outrageous crime of blandly assuming that Tom Finletter is an egghead? Who tossed the first egg at that fine fellow? I suspect that this is slander, just as it would be slanderous to say that your former chief, Senator Wagner, was not an egghead.

ABE FORTAS

Washington, D.C.

Military Aid Study

THE PRESIDENT'S appointment of the so-called Draper Committee to review the foreign aid program is an attempt to resolve an argument between the Pentagon and the State Department. Secretary Dulles has said that the Committee is "in part at least" a response to the August 25 letter to the President in which eight members of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee pointed to " a serious distortion in the present relative importance which is attached to military and related aid on the one hand and . . . economic development assistance on the other." But the President was also responding to the demand by Under-Secretary of State for Economic Affairs C. Douglas Dillon for greatly expanded economic aid funds. Some say that the President himself now inclines to the Dillon view and expects the Draper Committee to provide support for a reduction of military aid levels in the new mutual security budget request or for a budget big enough to accommodate both more economic aid and a continuation of present military aid.

One can place some, but not too much, hope in the Draper Committee. Chairman William H. Draper Jr. is himself a man of breadth who in the past has put his weight behind liberal trade policies. He has repeatedly emphasized the need for more private investment abroad, but little is known of his views on many of the questions before his Committee. The President refers in the opening paragraph of his letter of transmittal to Draper to

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a review of our military aid programs; but he goes on to ask for a broad appraisal of "the relative emphasis which should be given to military and economic programs," in the light of "the impact of present and anticipated weapons developments." How much and in what direction will the committee's judgment on this question be influenced by strong-minded spokesmen for military interests (the nine members include Admiral Arthur Radford and Generals Gruenther and McNarney)? And how will the committee view the requests of new military regimes in countries which have previously been given large amounts of US military assistance? The President hopes the Draper report will be available by next March. But meanwhile, the US has recently become committed to sending another $115 million in military hardware to Pakistan, having previously delivered nearly $200 million. An aid program of such size is more dubious than ever: The rise of General Ayub Khan and his reliance on the US arsenal means that our government is now entangled with any of his repressive measures inside Pakistan and is an inadvertent sponsor of his menacing attitude toward India. Yet how does the US disengage from obligations such as this which prove subversive of the total US position in Asia? If the Draper Committee faces such questions boldly, if it appraises accurately the nature of the Communist economic and political threat and calls upon the country to meet that costly challenge, it will have performed a tremendous service.

Treason in South Africa

SOUTH AFRICA's treason trial, which began two years ago, still drags on. Speculation as to the fate of the 91 accused of opposing racial segregation—following the sensational withdrawal of the indictment on October 13—ended recently when the Attorney-General announced that he will make a new attempt to obtain a conviction. But this time, only 31 of the accused will stand trial. Commencing January 19, they will appear in the same Special Court in the Old Synagogue, Pretoria, before the same three judges. If the Crown succeeds with this trial, the remaining 60 accused (of the original 156 arrested) will be tried in April, an entirely new procedure in South African law.

One of the accused, Alfred Hutchinson, grandson of a White man who married a Swazi woman, has disappeared over the border and is reported to be seeking asylum in Ghana. Shortly before he left the country Hutchinson was picked up by the police and charged for not having a pass. He was able to prove that he is colored (*i.e.* mixed blood) and not pure Negro, and therefore exempted from the pass laws.

The Attorney-General's decision to persist with the treason trial brings a bleak prospect for Christmas and the New Year for the accused and their families, who have already lived in uncertainty and insecurity for two years. While standing trial, the accused cannot continue their normal occupations and most of them have lost all sources of income. Very few employers, even if they have casual employment to offer, will give it, for fear of incurring the displeasure of the government.

The Treason Trial Defense Fund gives what financial help it can but legal costs, although at cut rates, devour considerable sums. The Fund has so far spent $225,000 ($30,000 having been donated by Americans) and estimates that as much again will be needed to see the case through.

New Deck for France

THE RESULT of the French Parliamentary election has no precedent in the history of France since the Second Empire. It amounts so plainly and so crushingly to a personal victory for Charles de Gaulle that he probably could, if he chose, transform the so-called Fifth Republic into a Third Empire.

But the General is not—and does not want to be—a Bonaparte. The personal vote of confidence he received reflects appreciation of his integrity after so many years of slackness, petty ambition, nest-feathering, log-rolling and downright corruption. It pays tribute to faith in his strength and his patriotism. It is also an endorsement of his preachment of glory and grandeur for France, but in a setting necessarily different from that of the good old days before 1914.

Imbedded deep in the subconscious of France lies the experience of the Suez adventure. Few Americans realize the extent and intensity of popular support for that sorry expedition. From the phony war of 1939 and its shameful consequences in the last days of Vichy; through Dien Bien Phu; to the lone and horrid Algerian nightmare, the French have grovelled in one way or another. And the need for anything even obscurely resembling glory has grown irrationally. Precisely because Suez failed, the *coup* of the French military in Algeria last May 13 succeeded in mobilizing popular support: the theme was that *this time* the Army would run politics rather than vice versa.

From the start, the dividing line in popular support between de Gaulle himself and the Gaullists was as fuzzy as that between the soldiers and the civilians. Both, however, profited from a general desire to get rid of the Fourth Republic because it had failed to get rid of the evils of the Third Republic. What was needed, the French thought, was not a New Deal; it was a brand new deck. And if the Parliamentary election has produced such a deck, the credit—or as the time may prove, the blame—must go to the new Gaullist machine created and organized largely by Jacques Soustelle. He and a few

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dozen others developed techniques of political salesmanship derived from Madison Avenue and from what young officers of the Army in Vietnam learned from the Chinese Communists about psychological warfare.

Those few men of the Third Republic who survived the electoral holocaust had joined (in some cases better late than never) the retinue of de Gaulle. On the other hand, some of the best and truest supporters of the policies that had been best in de Gaulle himself before the May 13 Algerian coup were swept aside. The most obvious example is Pierre Mendès-France.

The fact that careful advance manipulation of the constitution and laws gave the Communist Party, with the second largest vote, less than a dozen seats is less important than that Soustelle's Union for the New Republic rolled up 188 seats of 465 from metropolitan France, and in addition the 71 deputies from Algeria and the Sahara were expected to support M. Soustelle. Also, the fact that Antoine Pinay's "Independents"—the classical conservatives—did very well must be taken as indicating that what happened cannot be explained entirely by the magic of one man, de Gaulle, or the machinations of another man, Soustelle. When one examines the returns in some of the districts of Paris in the first round of the election on November 23, one finds that almost invariably when a left-wing Gaullist was running against a right-wing Gaullist, the man of the Right won. When a left-wing Gaullist was pitted against a non-Gaullist of the Right, the man of the Right won.

Obviously, therefore, the trend seems at least as much conservative and Rightist as it is Gaullist. And this may turn out to be de Gaulle's greatest problem. How far one wonders, will the Gaullists follow de Gaulle on Algeria? The mood of France, from what one can see immediately after the election, is probably more that of 19th Century imperialism than of 20th Century totalitarianism.

Where Once The Poor

WE PASS ON, with a sense of boundless wonder, the following remarks attributed by *Time* (Dec. 1) to Cardinal-designate Richard J. Cushing, Archbishop of Boston:

> When I was a boy living in a poor section, coming from hard-working people, it was unknown that the poor would not go to church. . . . Now, with social security checks and welfare checks coming in, they are not interested in the church. They go from day to day knowing that tomorrow will take care of itself.

At this point, says *Time*, "Cushing clenched his big fists" and said:

> Their former dependence on God, upon the personal charity of those representing religion, has been psychologically unsettled by the welfare state.

Who Did the Packing?

NOT since incriminating papers were hidden in a pumpkin have we been so teased as by the mystery of who packed Mr. Nixon's bag and left out the dinner jacket? "Not me," said Pat, though the ladies in London were told that she and her husband are "just as much in love as the first day"; then why didn't she even *check* his bag? Didn't she know they were going to see the Queen? If she was too busy, who had the responsibility? The lady's maid? Poor planning, indeed; she had all she could do to remember the cloth coat. The valet, then. But who's he? Why has his name never been mentioned? Why hasn't he been questioned by the press, or by the police? Who pays him? Who cleared him? *Is* he a valet? Or did he too come out of a pumpkin? We shall not rest until we know. Sartorial sabotage in high places cannot be tolerated, and Mr. Nixon should be the first to demand a full Congressional inquiry. Unless, of course, he is his own valet?

King of the Castle

CARMINE DESAPIO is king of the Bourbons, but the Bourbons were bested by Republicans in New York State and who is to restore their rule? Not the leaders of the past. For if Governor Harriman, Mrs. Roosevelt, Senator Lehman, Thomas Finletter, Mayor Wagner were powerless at the time of the state nominating convention, how shall they take charge now, in defeat? "If Nelson Rockefeller," confides one New York Democrat, "performs at even 50 percent of the performance he put on during the campaign, he is going to be a great national leader." The remark is a measure of Mr. Rockefeller's prestige, and of the insecurity of the Democratic Party.

With the exception of a few insurgent clubs, the Party organization in New York City—such as it is—belongs to DeSapio by default. Only two counties, Manhattan and Queens, have a direct primary for district leader and it is questionable whether, even there, the insurgents can lay a glove on the boss. Brooklyn, Richmond and the Bronx have no direct primaries; and the Bronx machine is particularly powerful. Outside the city, in the suburbs and in Nassau County especially, insurgent voices are heard, but not listened to. Upstate leadership is traditionally resentful of the Big City, but it is generally conservative; it will play ball with DeSapio; it has neither the program nor the power to rescue the party.

If he were to put his full strength into the battle, Mayor Wagner could rally the best elements among the Democrats. But if he does so, he will surprise his friends. The New York delegation to the Democratic National Convention of 1960 will, from all present evidence, be what it was in 1956: a DeSapio delegation, leavened by a very few dissenters.

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The Superficial Aspect

Republican Receivership?

TO A SUPERFICIAL OBSERVER it seems sometimes that the art of the political commentator is to take an apparently simple proposition and explain it until nobody on earth can understand it. This dismal impression is the result of reading a great deal of newspaper comment on the inner significance of the late election. On the fifth day of November it all seemed simple enough—the voters just don't like Republicans.

It is true that even to the simple mind it was evident that the Republican team had made a misplay. Eisenhower had the ball and was supposed to carry it, but Nixon snatched it from his hands and ran with it himself —and they threw him for a loss of 110 yards. Even so, it seemed doubtful that the outcome would have been much different if Nixon had not intervened. The most he did was make the defeat somewhat more devastating.

But that was before the commentators got to work. Now that they have explained it, it appears that the real meaning of the event is that the country, suffering the throes of a depression, is too prosperous for its own good, so Nixon by leading his party through a slaughter-house to an open grave has firmly established his position as the only possible candidate for President in 1960, Rockefeller being disbarred because he had the temerity to secede from Nixon. Simple, isn't it? No, I don't think so, either.

Of course it is a heretical and outrageous suggestion, but the thought does now and then flicker across my mind that perhaps the truth is that the voters on that Tuesday knew exactly what they were doing. This is politically inadmissible, because they had been given different information, not only by the Republican campaign orators, but also by the great majority of the newspapers, and if the people are no longer guided in their thinking by campaign orators and newspapers, whither are we tending?

There are, indeed, certain unauthorized spokesmen who persist in thinking the unthinkable, and these suggest that we may be tending toward a greater political maturity than we have hitherto developed. The grand idea of Mr. Nixon was for an Administration with the largest budget in history, facing the largest peace-time deficit in history, with the largest national debt in history to terrify the voters by alleging that its opponents are reckless spenders.

But instead of alarmed attention, this idea got the raspberry, which may prove that the people are misled, but might indicate that they have developed too much sense to be misled by such obvious baloney. If that is indeed the case it leads to one sweetly solemn thought, to wit, that the typical American recognizes political fumbling and bumbling when he sees it, and doesn't like it.

Eisenhower's election and re-election would seem to contravene this theory, for he is certainly the most complete fumbler and bumbler since Harding. But what happened to the Republican Congressional candidates in 1954 and 1956 plainly indicates that the voters somehow acquitted Eisenhower of responsibility for the stupidities that irritated them most. His two successes may be plausibly explained as a vain hope on the part of the voters that they might get leadership that was genuinely conservative and not boozily reactionary. What they actually got was no leadership at all, unless the devious politics of Sherman Adams may be described as leadership.

But that leads us straight back to an explanation of the Republican defeat so utterly simple that it can be summed up in three one-syllabled words—lack of brains. I confess a certain predisposition to that theory, having propounded it in this place some four years ago. But it is too simple for the commentators, who have a horror of raw statistics and enormous faith in processing them.

However, if the obvious should prove to be true, it follows that the resurrection of the apparently moribund Republican Party is far from inconceivable. All it requires is a Republican leader who knows the difference between conservatism and an idiotic refusal to admit that time marches on, and that what was conservatism in William McKinley's day is something altogether different now, and not in the least what the country called for.

THERE ARE apparently a number of such leaders available. Nelson Rockefeller may be one, although it remains to be proved. However, the history, first of the Federalist Party, and then of the Whigs illustrates the difficulty of getting a new kind of leader accepted. Nobody voluntarily pleads intellectual bankruptcy. Timothy Pickering didn't, Henry Clay didn't, and there is no reason to suppose that Richard Nixon will. The alternative is to throw the concern into receivership and reorganize, perhaps under a different name and certainly under different control. This is rough and expensive, but it does permit the salvaging of such assets as may be sound. The disposition of the American people to fear going too fast and too far is a sound political asset. If Nixon doesn't know how to make good use of it, someone will come along who can.

GERALD W. JOHNSON

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Can We Foresee The Future?

by JOHN RADER PLATT

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO Thoreau was writing of the rapid changes brought by the railroad and of the telegraph that would connect from Maine to Texas. He adds, of course, that "Maine and Texas, it may be, have nothing important to communicate." In *Life on the Mississippi*, Mark Twain comments repeatedly with some little pride on the rapid technical and social changes taking place at the time. But during the last 50 years, things have been happening so fast that one school of social scientists identifies "social lag" as one of the major problems of our own society.

NO LONGER DO WE build houses or offices, or plan parks, to last for a century. Anything we construct is likely to be obliterated well before that time by some major rearrangement of our cities or highways, or to be made obsolete by new ways of living. Already the first steel skyscrapers of the early 1900's are being torn down to make room for much larger ones, or for parking lots. These days a man can scarcely plan ahead even as far as his own retirement. Those beaches you may have planned to park beside may be drowned or oil-slicked or radioactive before you reach them. In 30 years, the forests of the Arctic or the craters of the moon may be dictated by pressure and fashion and transportation as the ideal retiring places. Is it idle to plan for the future? Can we confidently predict the shape of things to come?

IT TAKES 20 years to raise a child. It would help a lot to know what kind of world we are raising him for, not merely in its toys and excitements, but in the habits and customary comforts that will support his sanity. It is true that the future is uncertain, but not so uncertain as some may think. To prove this, it is only necessary to look for a moment at some of the old scientific prophecies of a generation ago to see how accurately they have turned out—and where they went wrong.

Take Edward Bellamy's book of 70 years ago, *Looking Backward, 2000-1887*. This is a Socialist tract cast in the form of a Utopian novel, which had a great influence on the social thought of the last generation. It is hung on a dream formula and baited with a quaint love affair ("sugar crystal," Heywood Broun called it), but it seems to be meant as a serious description of the social and technological changes that could occur in a city such as Boston by the year 2000.

What does it prophesy? Sociologically, that Boston could be a communal society, with money entirely replaced by ration cards. This does not look quite like Utopia to me but from time to time, depending on what state of emergency we are in, it does look like a dull possibility. In Boston of 2000, messages would be shot from place to place by pneumatic tube, and lighting will have become artificial. But all this was up-to-date when Bellamy wrote! The telephone, the pneumatic tube, the electric light, all belonged to the previous 20 years or so. On the technical side, Bellamy's most daring prediction is a kind of home radio or loudspeaker connected with a central station by telephone lines, with a choice of four programs. His heroine "merely touched one or two screws, and at once the room was filled with the music of a grand organ anthem."

Bellamy's Bostonians of 2000, although magnificent physical specimens (the women have a "faultless luxuriance of figure"), did not come to be so through the marvels of medicine. In 1887, Pasteurization and antisepsis were still being argued. X-Rays were eight years in the future. Medicine was still in the hands of doctors and had no marvels. Thus, the physical superiority of people in the 21st Century would be achieved, Bellamy said, mostly by "the effect of untrammeled sexual selection." Up-to-date again. Darwin's theory of sexual selection had been published in 1871. But Mendel was unknown.

The stores of the year 2000 were to be like Roman temples, the clothes flowing robes, the attitudes between the sexes genteel. It is all charming and in many ways forgivable. But a Utopian who limits himself to the technology and romance of his time, to the almost-believable, limits himself as a prophet. The most revolutionary party of Utopian reformers, complete with undercover agents and mass meetings, may not remake society as fast as a single new invention. If a man does not know what is technically possible and probable, what new devices may stabilize or unstabilize the commerce between men, he is severely handicapped when he tries to foresee what is possible in politics or in the distribution of wealth. The desire for automobiles may bring economic and political equality faster than the desire for equality. In America, the year 1940 outdid Bellamy's 2000, perhaps in social reform as well as in automobiles.

Yet if we turn to prophets who were better informed technically, we find similar errors. Take H. G. Wells'

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Anticipation, written in 1902. Wells, as we all know, was a marvelously successful forecaster. He imagined, decades before they appeared, nuclear weapons and robot battles, and space missiles reaching for the moon and Mars. And *Anticipation* is not fiction but a serious attempt to estimate what can happen in the remaining 98 years of the 20th Century.

What does it predict? First, and most successfully, the social effects of the horseless carriage. Wells sees it multiplying into millions of private cars. He sees trucks and busses. Repair shops. Great roadways. Displacement of the railroad. Enlarged cities, with suburbs and commuters. And for war, "ironclad road fighting machines."

But his transportation predictions for the whole century were fulfilled in 25 years! Airplanes? He ventures to say, "Very probably before 1950, a successful aeroplane will have soared and come home safe and sound." And then hastens to add, "I do not think it at all probable that aeronautics will ever come into play as a serious modification of transport and communication."

This was written one year before Kitty Hawk.

Wells estimated very well the future shape of war. He foresaw trench warfare with its stalemates—the consequences of the machine gun—and how they would give way in turn to aerial blitzkrieg. He foresaw the domination of war by science, and he states magnificently the central fact of the modern world:

"The nation that produces in the near future the largest proportional development of educated and intelligent engineers and agriculturists, of doctors, schoolmasters, professional soldiers and intellectually active people of all sorts . . . will certainly be the nation that will be the most powerful in warfare as in peace, will certainly be the ascendant or dominant nation before the year 2000."

Later, in *The World Set Free* (1914), Wells even foresaw nuclear weapons and the possibility that they might make war impossible. He predicted that they would be achieved about 1940, which suggests that he was beginning to have a pretty good understanding of the gestation time for research and development. He was writing just a short time after the physicist Soddy had first conceived that the atomic energy in a cup of water could drive a ship across the Atlantic. ("That dreamer!" the other physicists called him. They were still calling him that in 1939.)

Yet we realize suddenly that Wells is not anticipating really new intentions at all, but only the consequences of things already done in his time. The airplane had already been foreshadowed by glider experiments and by Langley's model. Wells foresaw helicopters, but in all his predictions before World War I, there is nothing like radar or jet propulsion or long-range rockets, all of which came within 30 years. There are no steel skyscrapers, no plastics, although they were almost upon him. In biology, Wells imagines growth hormones, (*The Food of the Gods,* 1904), but nothing like vitamins or plasma; no new drugs or poisons like salvarsan and penicillin and DDT; no new tools like radioactive tracers or the electron microscope.

Wells, the eager and speculative and successful, was too tame for history.

After World War I, the prophets realized that they had to be bolder. But the story is much the same. Listen to Wells again, older and wiser, in *The Shape of Things to Come* (1932); and Aldous Huxley in *Brave New World* (1928); and J. B. S. Haldane in *The End of the World* (1923). In the next few hundred years (Haldane says the next few million), it seems we are to have helicopters and wrist-watch telephones or television. Clothes will be zippered, plastic and disposable. Haldane has rocket space-ships for colonizing other planets, and tidal and solar energy for moving mountain ranges and controlling climate.

In biology, life is to be prolonged and old age abolished. The unfit will be sterilized. People will be like full-page color ads, larger than life, aseptic, healthy, committing suicide only from airplanes. There will be new stimulants and new senses. New plants and animals created by artificial mutations. A Bureau of Hatchery and Conditioning producing children to order, with their minds carefully shaped for their destined social roles. Promiscuity. "Everyone belongs to everyone else, now." A planned society, kept stable by incessant amusements.

Alas, these fantastic futures have a familiar look, one not so different from the current headlines in *The New York Times.* They are here now, the wrist-watch phones, helicopters, moon rockets, wonder drugs, synthetic plants and animals. Solar energy has its millions for research; islands are destroyed and mountains moved by atomic bombs; manipulating the weather has become a big business. Mindshaping and Miltown, artificial conception, promiscuity and the pressure of amusements—they are old familiars to us. And atomic energy is not even in these particular forecasts, so that they were already surpassed by the first atomic pile in 1942. Today we transmute the immutable elements almost as routinely as we rearranged molecules when these prophets wrote.

THE errors in these forecasts are not to be cured by making prophecies wilder. That is the path down which science fiction has been increasingly driven: Prophecy becomes indistinguishable from fantasy and all connection with real live descendants disappears.

I think that for good forecasts, whether for a single industry or for all society, what we need is more realism, not less. And we need a careful examination of the elements that make up a good prediction. For the best political programs and legislation become dubious in the

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shadow of our ignorance about the technological future.

An interesting corollary is that if technology drives society, society vulgarizes technology. This is Aldous Huxley's repeated point. The grand organ anthem on Bellamy's Utopian radio becomes a singing advertisement for liver pills. The degree of vulgarization of a device will be one of the hardest things to predict. It may depend on trivia, and on variables such as the methods of distribution. For example, in America, broadcast network radio has been more vulgar than wired music or hi-fi or books because it has had to reach a mass market to collect its fee. When good local FM stations took away the more selective part of the audience, radio became more vulgar still; when television took away the less selective part, it improved. Evidently anyone who tries to prophesy the full social impact of an invention will have to understand the detailed nature of the individual feedbacks in a competitive situation, questions intimately connected with secondary technological tricks, economies and legalisms.

But this is getting ahead of the primary question, which is the forecasting of technological developments themselves. This can be done successfully, I think, if three steps are clearly separated: the anticipation of inventions, the calculation of their development time and extent, and the estimation of their social consequences.

Most persons will probably agree that the second and third of these steps can be accomplished if the first can be. Development times and markets, for example, are the natural province of vice presidents and research directors; and a lively and sympathetic imagination will go a long way toward the estimation of social consequences. Starting from embryonic inventions, the prophets whom we have just looked at did these two steps very well, and none of them had had any experience with industrial research. But by contrast, a number of American atomic scientists testified after World War II that Russia would develop her own atomic bomb in four to ten years—when generals were estimating 30 years, or never—and four years turned out to be correct. In 1948, I heard two well-known physicists making bets on whether man would reach the moon by 1960; today, a year after the first Sputnik, this still looks like a good target date. For unbiased men, accuracy in such matters is a question of experience. They take into account the fact that every device and idea has its limits. Trains and automobiles reached their final cruising speeds within about 40 years after they were invented. The mechanical theory of matter goes only so far. Science and technology do not grow like a balloon, the same ball getting fuller of hot air; but like yeast, each bud reaching its limit and then new buds forming. By the time an idea has its Nobel prize, it is becoming exhausted. Only the new guesses and speculations that spring from it have any capacity for growth.

But what of the first step—anticipation of inventions? It is not necessary to be the inventor in order to see the general shape of things to come. In the first place, inventions as well as discoveries are not single but multiple, made simultaneously in many different places when the time is ripe. "There are now so many physicists that their behavior is becoming statistical," one of them has said. A technical development generally rests on, and is planned from, an older substratum of ideas and related work, just as the voyages of Columbus and Magellan were implicit in Eratosthenes. A group working in one field goes ahead in the general direction set by work already done. Many of the discoveries they make, and most of the inventions, are therefore not accidental but almost unavoidable, and hence to a large extent foreseeable.

Some research organizations now operate on such a large scale that the work of invention and even discovery can be programmed and can be partially turned over to an engineering development group. This shows us at the same time the second aspect of invention that makes it predictable: It is a social process, satisfying social wants. Whenever a highly concentrated research program gets under way, the technological improvements become limited not so much by what is possible or by what an Edison can think up as by what men desire. If a result is impossible one way, it is often possible another, and the only problem is to run through all the conceivable methods until the right one is found. In this real sense our conveniences and gadgets are simply wished into being, when we wish hard enough.

Men wished to fly, and they got balloons—fire balloons, gas balloons and Zeppelins. They wished to fly without balloons. Four basically different devices have already appeared—the propeller plane, the helicopter, the jet plane and the rocket plane, involving three different motors. Such overlapping inventions might be even more nearly simultaneous if the appearance of the first success did not drain research energy for some time away from the other possibilities. To separate U-235, four different schemes were devised. All worked. Today we have not just one, but many different kinds of nuclear reactors and bombs and power plants.

As soon as a problem can be stated clearly, we are within a generation of solving it. Of course, the prophet must be careful. The new toy is not likely to be exactly what was expected and it may not be as useful as anticipated. Automatic dishwashers, unforeseen, can come and change our lives while we are still waiting for the moving sidewalks that many of the early oracles predicted. Going to the moon is not a matter of physics, but of economics; the engineering advances that steadily make it easier are really advances in economy. And often when a fundamental restriction is encountered, we get around it by twisting our wants or rephrasing the question. We take an airplane instead of a flying carpet. The motion picture

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gives us many of the pleasures of the time machine and far less dangerously.

Nevertheless, the fact that we are usually able to will into existence some approximation to our desires reduces the burden on the prophet of technology. The most important thing for him to do is to look realistically at what human beings want and need and will pay for; at what the research laboratories will move to after they have done what they are doing now; and at what the details are of cost, convenience and advantage, that determine the military, commercial or private acceptability of new devices. Obviously he needs to know science inside and out, but within certain broad fundamental limits his central question is not so much "What are the scientists going to find?" which is hard, but "What can we think of?" and "What do we want most?" and "How soon can it be ready?" which are the easier.

THE laboratories are the focus of successful prophecy, technological or political. Perhaps 10 men in 10 fields—the hot hundred—are the ones who determine in detail the shape of tomorrow. Oddly enough, even these, with their noses to the blackboard, do not always want to face the truth of how fast their latest pure theories will be transformed into daily necessities, or how fast inconceivable invention will be created.

One does not have to be a prophet to see that generally, barring catastrophe (whose form is also predictable and has a certain probability), the shape of the year 2000 must represent what the great laboratories are working on most intensely today. To serve the doubled population of that time, with its doubled cities and doubled traffic and desperate expansion of birth control and conservation measures, atomic power will dominate the scene. There will be solar power. Probably fusion power. Planes and rockets everywhere, far more versatile and better controlled. Space travel. Ion propulsion. Fabulous metals and ceramics. New practical devices from fundamental nuclear physics. Remarkable understanding of molecules and of solids and liquids. A hundred-fold better knowledge of the new experimental fields of astrophysics and of deep oceanography. Cheap, versatile communications, television everywhere. Fantastic slave devices: automatic control systems, computing machines for every kind of problem and policy, thinking-machines, pattern-recognizing and learning machines. Accurate prediction and control of weather. In biology, the abolition of disease, the manipulation of species, and an understanding and control of heredity and growth such as we hardly dream of. Solutions to many of our great riddles—photosynthesis, vision, genetics, enzymes, antibodies, cancer. A hundred-fold better understanding of the brain.

And I see the laboratories turning to many problems almost untouched today. New batteries and portable fuels for vehicles. A fundamental rethinking of clothing and shelter. Farming the oceans. In a recent book, Professor R. L. Meier has listed 26 basic research problems connected with our present population explosion which are not being worked on today. It would be interesting for an organized forecasting group to work out the details of these predictions of the world for 42 years ahead. The believable we do in this generation; the conceivable in the next. The third generation we do not understand.

To estimate such far-off invention, I can only conclude that within very broad limits, the best guide is not going to be a technical guide at all, but simply the knowledge of what men deeply want. Today the limitations on the development of science and invention in the foreseeable future seem to be set only loosely by nature, more tightly by the abilities of exceptional minds, but most tightly of all by the human desire and its balance of values.

Among our many desires, the most powerful are the simple ones. To be warm and full and free, these are our first needs, the needs that can erupt in violent revolution, but they are not all. What dissolves and remolds societies unawares is that we also want, like children, to have sweet smells, music, pictures, entertainment, bright lights and powerful servants. We want to make magic, to run like the wind and fly into the birds and talk across the miles and be as beautiful as gods and know how everything works. In the Western world, I think these longings are part of a deeper dream. Prometheus, Daedalus, Frankenstein, Faust—there is psychological and racial truth for our questioning Greek minds in the dark power myths of human technical mastery stolen from heaven. This scientific age is the very time of their surging up and fulfillment and they burst daily into reality among us. It is the edge of creation we skirt, recombining the genes and the viruses. Our monsters twitch, almost alive, as the antennae, the sense-organs and reflexes, the electronic brains and computers of planes and ships and guided missiles become ever more animate.

Some people today seem to pull back in horror as they once shrank fascinated from black magic or the hooded alchemist. With better reason the alchemists did not dream big enough. Was ever the imagined transmutation of lead into gold—that pretty relic of savage trade!—even a fraction so overwhelming as that of uranium to plutonium, which never was on land or sea, and then plutonium into everything? Even the names give the nightmare dream away: Uranus, the god of heaven: and Pluto, death. And today we fly up to the very spheres on which they move.

To be accurate over the long run, the prophets of society will have to speak the language of technology, but they will have to dream as deep as myth. In the past, the serious ones have shrunk from such simplicity. They have spoken of what men can do, not of what they will to do. So their predictions have suffered always from a lack of realistic imagination. The mad dreamers were evidently not mad enough. It is time for some madder realists to learn to prophesy.

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America's Quest for Culture

An Interview with Actor-Author Peter Ustinov

by HENRY BRANDON

BRANDON: *Romanoff and Juliet* has been such a success here, I wonder if you think that Kipling's remark "There is not enough Romeo and too much balcony in the United States" has still some justification?

USTINOV: I think he knew a completely different United States from the one we know. It's changed a great deal. Before we came here I was warned by many Americans that this country would not be able to stomach satire in which it was involved. I'm delighted to see that that's not so. They've got beyond the "too much balcony" stage. I think they're in quest of romance. Their great love for Paris is indicative. I always feel that their real ambition so far as Paris is concerned is to rescue it from the French.

BRANDON: You mean, transplant it. . . .

USTINOV: No, I mean to them it represents Toulouse-Lautrec and Renoir and things they have on their walls, and they're rather annoyed when they get to Paris to find that everybody there talks French and, in point of fact, is French. . . .

BRANDON: You don't think that Paris has a different attraction for Americans? It's always had the reputation here of being a naughty city.

USTINOV: Oh, yes. A friend of mine did a television series which was to be called "My French Wife," but the powers-that-be decided that that title was too naughty and it was called "My American Husband."

BRANDON: You think that Americans are now in quest of romance?

USTINOV: Well, the thing that makes it so very different from England is its size. In England you travel from Liverpool to London in a train, and there are eight people in your compartment and they don't talk to each other, and that is a way of wishing the country were bigger than it is. Whereas in America there's tremendous "togetherness" and the front door is nearly always ajar, and somebody pokes their head through it and says, "Anyone home? Can we borrow your mixer?" It's a hangover, I think, from the pioneer days when neighbors were desperately needed as someone to talk to.

Americans are very sensible now of the criticism that they are commercially-minded. I think that's rather out of date. Nobody quite knows what is under the soil they buy —you might strike anything by digging. It's quite natural to be commercially-minded in a country where such things are possible. If you *know* that you've got nothing but a nationalized mine two miles away, you're liable to be more spiritual. The Americans have reacted against this criticism and they have now gone overboard for culture. . . .

BRANDON: Do you think there is an American culture?

USTINOV: There obviously is. I think they're still looking for the great American novel, the great American symphony and the great American opera. It's very possible

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THIS IS *the ninth in a series of conversations tape-recorded originally for* The London Sunday Times *by its Washington correspondent. Mr. Brandon's interviews are appearing exclusively in this country in* The New Republic.

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that these have already been written, but haven't been recognized as being of any importance at all. They are obviously trying very hard and *consciously*, which is not the right way to go about it, yet it's human. But very often it has a kind of organ-loft pomposity, which reveals the intentions of striving toward a kind of Roman Empire greatness, instead of waiting to mature in a "Greeker" way.

America, however, has exerted a great influence on us all, and consequently one can talk of American culture. The so-called "Angry Young Men" in England, I think, are basically extremely jealous of American vitality and of American freedom of thought, which perhaps is not possible in a country which has made a god of stability. It's very, very difficult to push against the British *status quo*, because the machine of government is so full of safety valves, put there by experience, that nobody gets really angry; they tolerate the angriest of us with a kind of headmasterish benignity.

BRANDON: The extraordinary difference today between the young man in England and the young man here, then, is that here they want security and stability.

USTINOV: Yes, but that is not realized by those who live their particular cloistered kind of life in England. And I don't think that England is really very conducive to creative work in the arts, although she's very rewarding in many ways.

If you're going to write a play about the average English people—they're not the most expressive of people. The language is riddled with clichés. Whereas here, with this immense admixture of blood and the fact that the language is spoken differently by so many minority groups, means that you can get a very salty kind of false poetry into anything that you write in American. Many American plays use these minorities to a very great extent. In Tennessee Williams you'll find Polish truck drivers, New Orleans French types. Clifford Odets has largely exploited the Jewish community of New York. But there's always a grandmother who has a very peculiar usage of English, which gives it a tremendous flavor. The condiments are much stronger over here.

BRANDON: Do you find that the atmosphere here has inspired you—creatively?

USTINOV: Yes, I do. It's a tremendous challenge to be in a country where everything is yet to be done. I think that is an aspect which many English tend to lose. They didn't in the old days when they had an Empire to travel in; and when they were busy doing the things that had to be done. I get the feeling that England is very often a little bit parochial nowadays.

BRANDON: Growth here is so much more noticeable because it's going on at such a fast clip.

USTINOV: Yes. The American way of living has grown extremely quickly.

BRANDON: What do you mean by "the American way of living"?

USTINOV: The American way of eating and sleeping and looking at television, of getting their boys to deliver newspapers during their holidays—more useful in education than being a Boy Scout sitting on some wet leaves in Windsor Forest and doing Indian signs.

BRANDON: Do you find the audiences here laughing at the same things?

USTINOV: Yes, surprisingly similar. For pretty obvious reasons the English audience has a greater sense of irony; at the same time the American audience has a greater sense of fantasy. At the end of my play I have a line in which I say to the young lovers, "You invented everything, including the country which is yours," which never fails to affect an American audience; whereas in England there was always dead silence.

The English have a great capacity for laughing at themselves—they have said so themselves. I'm not sure it isn't to forestall anybody who might want to laugh at them. It's like when I was watching a member of some West African Student Union talking near Marble Arch and he was running the English down on a Sunday. There was a large crowd around him, but there was dead silence until it became too much for an old colonel, an old military man with a white moustache, who said: "Wherever you travel in the wide world, you won't find a more upright man than your average Englishman," and the crowd turned on him and said: "Shut up! Let the man say what he wants to." I think they were angry with the colonel because he'd showed his hand.

BRANDON: And the Americans?

USTINOV: The Americans, on the other hand, are determined to be open; that's what makes some of their diplomacy so touching. . . .

When you get these American businessmen who run their embassies as businesses and say: "Let's get around the table and kick this thing around. Can't we come to terms?" they seem to the English and to many Europeans to be rather naïve. If you attack the Americans, I don't think they'll get very indignant, because they'll wish to see whether there's any truth in what you're saying, and even if they don't laugh at themselves they're very willing to laugh at each other. I find that also very refreshing, because the methods which govern behavior are less established here, and are guided by a sense of self-criticism which the Soviets might envy.

BRANDON: Your play *The Love of Four Colonels* and this

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one were chiefly written—I mean, so far as the American characters go—on the basis of your impressions of Americans abroad. Have your impressions changed now that you have spent a year here?

USTINOV: No, not very much. I would now be in a position perhaps, with luck, to write something a little more profound about them. In those plays I wanted to revert to the 18th Century, but with modern characters, to reinvolve the audience to have the possibility of asides at any moment, in order to break down that fourth wall which, to my mind, had outlived its usefulness in the theatre. The theatre—in order to survive—must do something which is impossible for the movies and television to do. And what advantages has it got? It has a living audience, and therefore there's no use pretending the audience isn't there; it's much better to make use of it and to make them experience some kind of communal excitement which can only be felt in the theatre, or the football match, or the bullring.

BRANDON: Well then, you really think that Arthur Miller and Tennessee Williams should write for the cinema rather than for the theatre?

USTINOV: Oh, I wouldn't dream of imposing my personal creed on anybody else, because that's foolish, but I think that's what will happen. I think the musicals are pointing the way, too. They're in a kind of way, neo-classical. They're a reversion to a kind of theatre that is gone, but they're very fresh, they have asides; they're there for the enjoyment of the public and, if they're good, they bring a little magic back into the theatre.

BRANDON: Not long ago Arthur Miller wrote that American playwrights deal almost exclusively with the effects and not with the ultimate causes. He admits they are important social plays, but in his view they fail to grasp the total social problem. This is one of those very severe American self-criticisms.

USTINOV: Yes but this, mind you, breeds not only men who say what they think and men who are temperamentally bulldozers, but it also breeds martyrs to an enormous extent. I have a feeling that in the McCarthy period it was made easier for the McCarthys by the fact that there were so many martyrs wishing to be Joan of Arcs, and wishing to make more out of the tragedy of their cases than was really necessary. If the counter-attack to that had been a little more humorous the investigation would have been made to seem more ridiculous sooner.

I also think there's a lack of sensitivity involved in what Miller says. You can say the same thing about Chekhov, that he was dealing only with a cross-section of weary landlords on the point of bankruptcy. But as soon as the revolution broke out these things were accepted as very valid symbols of social criticism.

It's part of that tendency to consider that perhaps Maupassant would have been more important if he had written novels instead of short stories, which I completely deny. A Maupassant story will make you think personally, it will stimulate you, or me, more than if it had been a long, ponderous work with the same content. It's part of the tendency which thinks that a symphony must necessarily be a greater work than a sonata, or a tragedy must necessarily be a greater work than a comedy.

After all, a writer is there, I think, to stimulate and to start trends of thought in the reader. He is there to ask questions—that was Shakespeare's greatness: he never answered any questions, he said "To be or not to be" and then gave no solutions.

BRANDON: Miller in what he said reflected the German influence here.

USTINOV: Yes, the German influence here is enormous. There is, for instance, a resemblance between America and Germany in the strange civic pride of this decentralized country. Cincinnati is like a German town in which they're so keen on their own local orchestra. A committee of ladies wants to make it as good as the Boston or Philadelphia orchestra within five years. They don't realize the ladies in Detroit have the same sinister scheme over their museum.

It makes it very interesting to travel in America because, although the architecture is all terribly similar, when you come into a town, you do find that you're on another team and that they're hatching very different plots. Usually the men travel in the background and one will say to you: "Well, my wife is behind this orchestra. I hate music. I prefer golf, but I have to be here because, well, we're very close to each other, Mrs. Smith and I. . . ." I find that very touching.

BRANDON: Like the Germans, too, there is a desire for solutions.

USTINOV: Absolutely. I once said and it's not quite true, but I thought it was true enough—that in order to reach the truth the French subtract, the Germans add, and the English change the subject.

Gradually the Americans will decide not to conform any more. I think one can see the tendency in the sudden sale of European cars. I don't think this has anything to do with the ease of shopping or parking a car; it's got to do with a sudden nostalgia for finding hand-made things from remote parts of the world.

In the old days if you went into a shop to buy your wife something, they would try and help you because, after all, you shouldn't know too much about what women like to wear, by saying: "We're selling a lot of these." But now-

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adays they would say: "These have just come in from Florence, Italy, and they are the latest."

I remember having been chosen as "Stage Father of the Year" at a big dinner in New York and we were all given Father's Ten Commandments. One of them was: "Be a pal to your son—share his adventures!" It's an invitation to be young again and to realize that what we made of this country we made ourselves, with our own hands. And let us not trust realty operators too much or construction engineers. It will be bad for us if we turn too many switches without knowing the exact process by which that luxury of light or heat is conveyed back to us again.

BRANDON: You really mean that the psychiatrist is the saviour of this country, because it's all by analysis, that these inherent dangers are being uncovered and talked and written about?

USTINOV: I think that's ironic, but it's very possible, because a lot of fun's been made of the psychiatrist and everybody being analyzed. But they're certainly very conscious of the dangers of everything they do.

BRANDON: Do you think Mr. Dulles is?

USTINOV: No, there is a weakness, I think, in drawing your executives from law offices because there is an inimitable tendency to continue running everything as though it's a law office.

BRANDON: Do you mean that the human factors are disregarded?

USTINOV: How shall I put this—that I'd probably feel safer with a judge than with a lawyer, because a lawyer is used to pleading, to distorting. Lawyers and politicians are all people who are adept at presenting what they consider to be the truth in an attractive way. And I'm not sure . . . it seems to me that a lawyer's opinion plays a very odd part in life altogether. They've started every revolution—in the French Revolution they were all lawyers, except one, and he was no good. But I think that came out of close proximity to injustice. . . .

BRANDON: What worries me in this sense about Mr. Dulles being a lawyer is that he expects everybody else to read the fine print, but there is the danger that somebody one day will overlook it.

USTINOV: Mr. Dulles certainly carries the aura of a certain kind of interior decoration with him, a certain kind of waiting-room follows him around, and it isn't the kind of atmosphere in which any ray of optimism could possibly penetrate without being picked to pieces. In other words, I mistrust his horizons, because I think that they're terribly near him. You know? And I think that the weight of his experience is really so overwhelming that one would feel happier with someone a little more ingenuous, someone who gives evidence of a capacity to be surprised—even pleasantly. In other words, he hasn't got very American faults really, and consequently his virtues aren't very American either.

BRANDON: I presume this is not an untypical reaction to Mr. Dulles. . . .

USTINOV: But I'm really surprised that in the world of diplomacy there are really so many *faux pas* which would be avoided by actors, really, who are used to playing the parts of diplomats. I heard of a dinner at the Spanish Embassy, in which there was a barrage of wonderful *faux pas*, in which the Spanish Minister of War rose and said that the Spanish Army had always fought on the side of right. Well, I thought immediately of the Spanish-American War. And then the American Secretary for Defense got up and said, "What could be more symbolic of Spanish strength than Gibraltar, that rock which—etc., etc."

BRANDON: You remember Helen Hayes once talking critically about British acting. How do you feel about American actors and actresses?

USTINOV: Well, they're trained in a completely different way. In small parts our actors have a much wider span; the American actors tend to be realistic, or else tend to have comic effects, and it's sometimes a little bit difficult for them to strike a note in between. But on the other hand, they're so eager to learn and they're so eager to improve themselves. This often leads, incidentally, to bad results because they become tremendously theoretical, and the end-result is like trying to make love to someone while reading a handbook on how it's done.

In the case of acting, this theorizing makes you conscious of something which should, by now, be instinctive. And that is always bad, because then you start expressing something, which satisfies you enormously and satisfies nobody else, because nobody knows what you're doing. In other words, acting is the imitation of the imaginary.

The cultivation of the instinct is the most important thing in acting, and it's quite possible to do it by force of habit; you begin to know exactly what is the right thing to do at the moment. Immediately you try to put it into words, you destroy it; and that is precisely what they do.

Acting must be like driving a very fast car. A racing car. A racing driver will tell you that he doesn't grip the steering wheel; the only time he does that is to correct the car, not to drive it. Acting is the same thing because it deals with very quick reflexes. It's like a game. In tennis, after some very fierce exchange, in which you don't understand how the players manage to get the ball back, one of them lobs and the other one puts it in the net because he's got time to think. The whole process of acting is that the intelligence must be there to correct the instinct. The theorists try to reverse that process by making the instinct push the intelligence from behind and, of course, the intelligence resists, with jarring results for the spectator.

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CHRISTMAS LITERARY REVIEW

Pasternak and the Cold War

by Mojmir Soukup

WHEN *Doctor Zhivago* was first published in the West, it had very favorable reviews. In the United States only the daily reviewer of the *New York Times* dared suggest that while it was a good book, it might not be as great as his colleagues thought. In the Soviet Union all was quiet until Pasternak was awarded the Nobel Prize; thereafter the book was treated exclusively as a Cold War property.

There can be no doubt about the literary beauty of the novel. In spite of the organizational weaknesses mentioned by some of the reviewers, Pasternak succeeded in writing a great piece of poetry in prose. *Doctor Zhivago* is assured of a very long life even after the Cold War tide has receded. But it is questionable whether the book is on the whole as revelatory as the critics seem to think, or in the ways they emphasize.

In taking a second look at the book, we should keep in mind that Pasternak wrote it primarily for the Soviet reader. Thus the novel in its topical aspects deals with material with which its expected readership has been long and painfully intimately acquainted. There is nothing sensational about Pasternak's description of the Soviet society, nothing even that has not been long known in the West. What distinguishes it is not its topic—many other books presented fresher and more startling material. Nor is it the fact that it was written under the heel of the Soviet regime. Aside from its purely literary qualities, *Doctor Zhivago's* claim to greatness lies in the depth of its philosophical inquiry and insight. And in this respect the book poses questions that are universal, as relevant for the West as they are for the East.

THE ROAD Doctor Zhivago travels, down to his indifferent end in the mire of a Moscow street, is one of the assertion of and a claim to intellectual and moral autonomy. We do not ask, and we find no suggestion, why Doctor Zhivago has this elementary need for autonomy, any more than we are offered an explanation of why the masses of people around him feel no such yearning. Considering the cast of the book as a whole, in fact, we must reject the too optimistic conclusions of the reviewers that the work demonstrates man's *universal* thirst for freedom: It merely demonstrates that *some* men, for no obvious reason, feel a compulsive need for autonomy.

The circumstance that Doctor Zhivago fell in the streets of Moscow should not blind us to the fact that men in similar quest may fall and do fall in the streets of Chicago, or Little Rock, or London, or wherever one of their kind happens to spring from the ground. For the freedom that Doctor Zhivago and his kind seek is irreconcilable with any social and political system; and the system responds with equal intolerance though perhaps in different fashion, to the disturbing element in its midst. Pasternak is aware of it. He is not writing an apology for his hero. He does not suggest absolute validity for the values by which Doctor Zhivago lives. They are presented for what they are, relative, and often highly subjective. He does assert the sacred, somehow primordial right of the individual to autonomous existence, if that is his need. But he does not protest the price such an individual must pay to the society. Pasternak at no point suggests that the price Doctor Zhivago is paying is disproportionate, or wrongfully exacted.

THERE is a vital relationship between Doctor Zhivago and his society. Never does he become a true outsider. Non-adjusted, yes. Even a reproach to his countrymen who had hounded him to death. But not a curse upon them. In his death as in his life, Doctor Zhivago "bears witness" to the condition of man, to the freedom of his aspirations and to his imperfection. But at no point does he sit in judgment. He had accepted the Russian Revolution for its aspirations. He has never rejected the revolutionary ideal. But once the Revolution became mired in human stupidity and brutality, he had no choice but to go on. *Doctor Zhivago* is not a case study of the brutality, stupidity, vengefulness, and moral or intellectual corruption of the "men in the Kremlin" or their henchmen. They, no less than Doctor Zhivago, only point beyond, to the tragic condition of man. In this sense, Pasternak has produced a classical Christian tragedy. Some of the reviewers have referred to the "primitive Christian" views expressed in the book. They do not seem to comprehend that

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the "primitivity" of these views is part and parcel of Doctor Zhivago's quest: they are just as irreconcilable with the organized Church as his other views are with the reigning social order.

The novel is a minute and sensitive illustration of the process of privatization that goes on under the conditions of modern totalitarian life. In the assertion of his autonomy Doctor Zhivago is not the "autonomous man" of David Riesman. He is not free (as Pasternak *is*) to "choose his goals and modulate his pace." He is clearly driven by the thoroughly internalized values he inherited from his pre-Revolutionary Russian intellectual environment. This conclusion is supported not only by our feeling of the compulsive nature of his quest, but also by such circumstantial evidence as his relationship to his children, and his keeping of a diary. Doctor Zhivago's acceptance of the Revolution as something inevitable and right is more than the kind of life insurance a not-too-orthodox writer takes out in the Soviet world. It also springs from the values young Zhivago had already internalized. The way in which he subsequently breaks with the post-Revolutionary reality, however natural appearing to the Western reader, is really inevitable only because of the authoritarian and compulsive nature of his values. Doctor Zhivago never really transcends his past and present.

If this aspect of the novel is autobiographical, it can be only partly so. For judging by all available evidence, Pasternak *is* an autonomous man in the true sense of the word. In 1937 he is said to have refused to sign a petition of the Soviet writers demanding the execution of General Tukhacevsky, and to have escaped retribution only thanks to the other writers who covered up(?) for him. He continued in his poetic creation in spite of official blasts and the disfavor with of the regime. Finally, in 1948 he began writing *Doctor Zhivago* because, he says, "I said to myself, you must stand up straight before your own name." Nowhere in Pasternak's career do we find anything that would suggest Zhivago's kind of compulsive drive, unless it be the drive to create. On the contrary, we have the feeling that every case is carefully considered on its merits, and that he arrives at his decisions freely.

Perhaps the key to Pasternak's freedom lies in the fact that he is not afraid of death. The impression one gets from his behavior as well as from some passages in *Doctor Zhivago* is one of a man who has stood "in the shadow of Death," who has experienced its reality, and in that sense had died. His feeling of freedom once he had realized that "his days are numbered" has been experienced and described by a number of political prisoners of our day, as usually occurring after their arrest and/or trial. But there is no reason why a man of greater sensitivity and imagination could not *live* through *potential* arrest, trial, and physical extinction, without the tangible trappings. After this, Pasternak could modulate the measure of his participation in the life of the society around him, freely determining his distance from it.

Because of its style, his novel has been likened to Tolstoy. But *Doctor Zhivago* is not a book or horizontal vistas. One thinks of an eagle soaring overhead. Because he is looking down upon the scene, he does not see "sides": "It's only in mediocre books that people are divided into two camps and have nothing to do with each other. In real life everything gets mixed up!"—If the West now picks out of his work passages critical of the Soviet way of life and celebrates him for the courage of an *act of defiance* of the Soviet regime in writing it, it misunderstands him as grevously as his own people do in accusing him of treason. Pasternak is not defiant. He is not heroic, is not even courageous as we understand the word. With the quiet, steadfast dignity of the truly free man he "bears witness."

With the same dignity he cabled to Stockholm his reaction to the news of the Nobel Prize award, and later discussed with Max Frankel of the *New York Times* the responsibilities he saw facing a Soviet Writer who is also a Nobel Prize winner, adding, "Oh, of course I am extremely happy, but you must understand that I am confident that I will move immediately into this new, lonely role as though it had always been that way." Only a free man of his understanding of how everything can get mixed up in real life, could have commented in the same interview on the growing attack against himself: "I am not a victim of any injustice. I have not been singled out for special treatment. Under the circumstances nothing else could have been done." Later, with the same frankness he cabled his rejection of the Prize, because of "the meaning attached to it in my country."

Within a few short hours of the announcement of the award, his compatriots were demanding his expulsion from the Soviet Union. It is probable that the demand was fairly spontaneous. But it could not have been more effective had it been carefully calculated. For Pasternak is tied to his people and to his country by strong rational as well as mystical ties. Through them as through an umbilical cord Pasternak the man and the poet receive their nourishment. Cut the cord, and Pasternak's spiritual death inevitably follows. In this extreme moment Pasternak wrote a letter to the Party, and to Khrushchev personally. As he accepted the honor of the Nobel Prize without false modesty, so now he simply and earnestly pleaded for his life: He pointed out that he may have committed errors (the question of "scientific truth" is irrelevant to his work, anyway); he pointed out his past contributions to the Soviet Union and his capacity to be of further usefulness to it; and he frankly plead that banishment from his beloved country would be tantamount to death, hoping that such an extreme measure would not be deemed necessary.

Strangely enough, the "Pasternak affair" did not really get underway until the Nobel announcement. The citation, for "his important achievement both in contemporary lyrical poetry and in the field of the great Russian epic tradition," is about as diplomatic about the inclusion of *Doctor Zhivago* among Pasternak's merits as can be—a fact that was dwelled on with more zeal than discretion by Dr. Anders Oesterling, permanent secretary of the Academy, in a broadcast of the same day. In the same broadcast, according to the *New York Times*, Dr. Oesterling not only hailed *Doctor Zhivago's* "pure and powerful genius," but also paid tribute to the courage of the author in writing, as a Soviet citizen, a work of such independence.

The immediate Soviet reaction was on the quiet side. A direct inquiry elicited a reply from the Soviet Minister of Culture expressing polite personal wonder that Pasternak was being awarded the Prize "now, so many years after the best of his poems had been published." But

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within hours, whether or not moved by the tenor of Western comment, the award was called a Cold War trick, and an attack against Pasternak was launched. Of course the fact that the attack could appear in the Soviet press and that it could be pronounced from a speaker's platform in the presence of Soviet government officials indicates its tacit endorsement by the government. But second thoughts on the Russian reaction offer some interesting insights.

THE Soviet public is not entirely unacquainted with *Doctor Zhivago*. Excerpts from it were published in the USSR in 1956. In that year, too, the decision had been reached not to publish the work in its entirety, in spite of Pasternak's announced willingness to make any changes and/or omissions that would make the work acceptable for publication. A letter from the Writers Union signed by Konstantin Fedin, Konstantin Simonov, Boris Lavrentov and other prominent Soviet writers (and published *new* in *Novy Mir*) explained that the book should not be published in the Soviet Union because it was "immoral" in essence, "deeply unjust, not objective historically," and "deeply anti-democratic and alien to any kind of understanding of the interests of the people."

Pasternak's acceptance of the Nobel Prize *for this work* thus would appear to them the unsavory act they profess to see in it. This conclusion seems to be supported by the fact that Pasternak is by no means the only Soviet writer non-adjusted to the Soviet society. For example, Evgeny Evtushenko, the most talented of young Russian poets, and the novelist Leonid Leonov, are two authors whose works show the same basic attitude toward Soviet society that Pasternak expresses. Nevertheless, the works of both are being published, in books and in leading Soviet literary magazines — including the very magazines that periodically blast them for the "decadence," etc., of their work; and no meetings have been held so far to assess their political guilt. The action of the Union of Writers, expelling Pasternak from the union and stripping him of the honorific title of Soviet writer for activities "incompatible with the name of Soviet writer," thus seems to be the product of joint East-West stupidity.

The hand of the Soviet government is also seen behind the various public meetings in which the good Soviet citizens who had never had a chance to read *Doctor Zhivago* for themselves screamed for Pasternak's banishment. But it is really not so strange that the Soviet citizen should rise against the author of *Doctor Zhivago* without being bothered that he did not see the book, upon the simple assurance of his government (given tacitly by publication of the condemnation of the book by other writers in the government press) that it attacks, and he threatens, the Soviet society. In fact, it is to be expected. There is, psychologically, no qualitative difference between the Soviet citizen's attitude, for example, to the United States, and to Pasternak's novel: he has seen neither; he can verify his government's reports on neither; he believes the one as he does the other. Americans visiting all parts of Russia report being met *everywhere* with the reproachful question of why the United States wants to wage war on the Soviet Union, and all agree that this concern is genuine. If after all these years our propagandists have not succeeded in convincing the Soviet public of the peacefulness of American goals, they do not stand much chance of convincing them of anything that requires questioning the credibility of their own government.

UP to the time of the Nobel award, *Doctor Zhivago* was primarily a literary affair. The reviewers made it uniformly clear that this was *not* a political book. The award seems to have changed all that. Dr. Oesterling's comments have been mentioned. In my opinion, they support rather than disprove the allegations that the award might have been unduly influenced by political considerations. Regardless of the merits of the charge, however, it was hotly repeated and denied the world over.

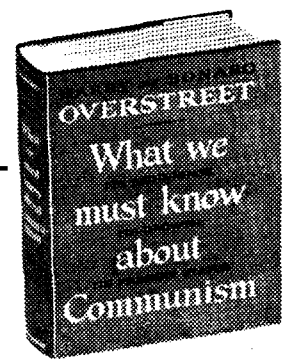
The Vatican pavilion at the Brussels World Fair meanwhile, in line with the Vatican's long tradition of defending the right of every individual to read whatever he pleases, was passing out at its back door copies of a Russian edition of *Doctor Zhivago* to Soviet visitors.

On October 23 Radio Liberation, a private organization broadcasting Western propaganda into the Soviet Union, announced it would begin broadcasting the text of *Doctor Zhivago* on the following morning.

On October 25 the *New York Times* shifted the news on Pasternak, which it had so far listed under the "Amusements and the Arts" heading in its index, to the "International" category. The occasion was the announcement of the attack on Pasternak in the *Literaturnaja Gazeta*. (On October 28 Pasternak was moved back to the "Amusements and the Arts" section.)

By the beginning of November the daily press was routinely referring to *Doctor Zhivago* as "the brilliant anti-Soviet novel."

And so we are witnessing one of the absurdities of the Cold War: The Soviet people, well acquainted with Pasternak's poetry but ignorant of *Doctor Zhivago*, are tearing Pasternak out of their hearts and the citizens of the free world, most of whom have never heard of Pasternak and his work, celebrate him for what they view as an act of defiance of the Soviet regime, without worrying much about his book (which few will probably read to the end, in spite of the sensational sales), or about his poems. Pasternak the great human being and *Doctor Zhivago* his great human document are slowly being whittled down to paper pellets for propagandists.



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NORTON

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The Phoenix and the Garden

The Garden

SILENCE. The hour of the Phoenix.
And who is waiting, if not ourselves,
for another of the bland sequences of twilight,
that most ambiguous of transformations. We observe
the subtle succession, so innocent, so seemingly unprepared,
from one color to another, from shade to lesser shade,
and thus by degrees to the absolute. But it is not
ourselves alone who are involved: no such thing.
No, not projected by those who dream, far less
by us, who have no meaning, the lawn
(forgive me) is not emerald, nor orient jade, and lately
tarnished
by the seasonal trades. Heavy July
has emptied the birds' nests. The frogs
sulk in the pool, diminuendo.
And the ancient trees, our sad acacias,
those dirty trees, the gardener calls them,
forever littering, scattering—

The Streetlamp

Speak for yourself, old garden
but not for me. Only at nightfall
I light that secret stage of yours:
am but a candle-holder, who, after dark,
will serve to trace, for a serpent's-tongue flicker of time,
the broken curve of a forgotten arch
or empty an urn of shadow
or expose the brute flank, lichened marble,
of goat-god Pan. Understanding nothing,
remembering nothing. But you,
and all your perjured altars—

The Garden

So you might say: and that crude light of yours
a vulgar penetration. Turn away
the indifferent and infertile eye,
that once more I might wonder
why you are you and I am I
and why
together forked in such conjunction,
base gerundive of nature. As if—as if—
But now the clock strikes. Now begin—
Phoenix!—and welcome in
the unwelcome strangers.

The Phoenix

I cry I cry
human shape not human
trees not arboreal the terrestrial earth
not plausible earth and my wings not wings
but flames that flake and fall and as they fall
consume us all
I cry I cry

The Garden

And so it comes again, winter and summer,
sun or rain, it comes again.
The rake is not as cruel with the leaf
as between new-met lovers disbelief. .
And sod, upturned, discloses
the agonizing roots of roses.
And here they come.

The Man

Perfection, it may be—or imperfection, it may be—

The Woman

Or confection perhaps. What a delicious garden. The leaves
are not of the fig, nor figment, one believes
in neither. And with what grief conceives
of that pained love, suffocating and insufferable,
the eyes lowered, blinded, the tranquil house
where dwells the spirit
blown in, blown out, by the wind of desire, diswindowed
of time and place.
Yet one can wind one's hair
—look now—upon this broken stair
or round a pinchbeck pin
o god as if it were a world
and not have back a word.
Garden, garden,
why do we walk here, stand here? And poor man
why flown together?

The Phoenix

I cry I cry
not flown not flown disown
that word of wings how can you own
human shape not human
embodiment of air and mind together
and so sail off like me in any weather
flame I come and flame I go—

The Man

I know. And I know more. I know
what the leaf thinks in the pregnant garden, green inscription
decipherable only to the tree and root
and the eventual seed and the inevitable fruit
and yes poor woman
in all that here compels us.

The Woman

Ophidian and recondite comes the demon.

The Garden

Look—they have been petrified in the very act
the extreme act
of prayer.

The Streetlamp

Hair twined with hair beneath my Gorgon stare.

The Phoenix

I cry and shall cry again
human shape not human
man not man woman not woman
man not woman nor woman man since time began
the ashes sing beneath my wing.

The Streetlamp

I am a candle-holder, I am patient.
And who knows which most matters, that which happens,
or what's in darkness or in light—this garden
and the two strangers and the stranger Phoenix
and all these shuttlings through the shutter of light.
Let them be blest, if blest they can be, by my light.

CONRAD AIKEN

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FDR in the War Years

by James Rowe, Jr.

THIS is the way it begins:

> On the way home from the White House this afternoon, stopped at Hausler's in Seventeenth Street and picked up this book in which to jot down a few notes of a unique trip to Hyde Park with the President, to be undertaken tonight. W.D.H., January 6, 1942.

And this is the way it ends:

> As the shadows lengthen, I shall be increasingly grateful for the memory of those spacious Hyde Park days when the head of a famous Hudson Valley clan would push a new cigarette into his long holder and in a deep resonant voice begin: "Bill, did I ever tell you about the time . . . "

The 350-odd pages in between may well be the most revealing, intimate and informal portrayal of an American President yet written. For this book is a daily summary by a wise and gifted observer of the thoughts, moods and attitudes of that most complex human being, Franklin Roosevelt, during the relaxed periods he was away from Washington resting from his arduous duties as Commander-in-Chief of World War II.

Off the Record With FDR (1942-1945), by William D. Hassett (Rutgers; $6).

No explanation is offered for the sudden impulse which made William Hassett, Secretary to the President, walk into a bookstore to purchase the notebook which three and a half years later had become this Journal. Hassett, an experienced former newspaperman, had never before had a diary in all the seven years he had been in the White House. This one he kept meticulously. Security and censorship during the War years effectively banned the American press from traveling with FDR on his trips to Hyde Park, Warm Springs, "Shangri-La" or New York City. One supposes he felt instinctively there should be some chronicle of those off-the-record days and he was the only one available.

There was not too much work and what there was arrived by courier in the form of enrolled bills, executive orders, directions to the vast military machine flung around the world which would not wait upon the President's return to Washington, some memoranda and correspondence and a few urgent appointments to see the President. All this routine required the attention and signature of the President. So FDR and Hassett worked with each other clearing up the material for several hours each day.

And as they worked they talked.

It is mainly this talk, as recorded by Hassett, which gives flavor and essence to this Journal. They formed an interesting contrast in background to each other, these two, yet shared a large number of tastes. Their conversation was the kind that only old friends with a real community of interest and taste sometimes indulge in during relaxed moments. One of these men was the country Squire of Hyde Park, an active Episcopalian vestryman and serious churchman, a scion born to wealth and an American upperclass education, a gregarious man, superb politician and President of the United States. The other, born into a Vermont railroad worker's family, was scholarly, erudite and witty, basically a New England Yankee despite his Irish race and devout Roman Catholicism. Both had traveled and lived abroad, each was a conscious and unpretentious democrat.

THEY TALKED of almost everything over these years and some, at least, Hassett recorded in his private notebook with no thought at the time of future publication. Their conversation turned often to the frailties and weaknesses of their contemporaries, both foreign and domestic, and since these contemporaries were important men, their comment, while gossip, is important gossip:

Churchill was temperamental and difficult, he drank too much, he kept extremely odd hours which proved hard on FDR, and he was addicted to walking around the Hyde Park acres in his bare feet. But it was always entirely clear he ran his own show, which was the British Empire. DeGaulle was even more difficult and had to be handled with patience and diplomacy which was grindingly wearing. Madame Chiang Kai-shek was arrogant and overbearing. Some lucky day FDR would find Cabinet Members who could do their own work instead of referring all their trivia to him for decision; Ickes, Wallace, Miss Perkins, Jones, Morgenthau, Stettinius would find no solace in these pages. The bite, particularly as to the American clergy of his well-loved Church, is sometimes that of Hassett alone but one often wonders if the implications are a reflection of "the Boss"? The ladies too did not always go scot-free. Feminine royalty, with the exception of the Crown Princess Martha, was really a trial, even though often admirable in attitude.

They talked too of American history, of the Hudson River Valley, Martin Van Buren, Commodore Vanderbilt, the vulgarity of the rich, the "free state" of Vermont, trees and forests, farmers and, everlastingly, of books.

ALWAYS at the edge of these hours of relaxation, however, sat World War II and with it the many burdens, worries and anxieties, and above all, the decisions a President can never escape for long. Urgent calls from Washington passing on pessimistic battle reports during the early years as the War went badly increased as the several campaigns began to go well and the initiative passed over to America. Elections too must be faced. Tom Dewey, "the All-American Boy," had to be slapped down. Continually Congress and Labor had to be forced into doing their duty to the war effort.

All this took its toll despite the "off-the-record" weekends. The years of attrition began to weary the President. Long before the 1944 Presidential Elections the author faced up to the fact that FDR was dying, even if no one else in the White House apparently could or would. He records long conversations he had with Basil O'Connor, that old, close and devoted friend of the President who agreed the end was not far off.

At last Hassett stood in a Warm Springs bedroom enduring the sadness he had long awaited, and watched death come to his old friend.

The historians will undoubtedly bless Hassett for the fortunate accident of that notebook. For this is a great biography precisely because it is not a critical and disciplined appraisal by a professional historian. They—and FDR also—are lucky that this broad-gauged and learned man happened to be FDR's Good Companion.

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How to Write Lying Down

by Gordon Merrick

It has been ten years since Truman Capote was introduced to the public, reclining on a sofa, hilarious in tattersall vest and blond bangs. Today, if we may judge from the jacket illustration of his new book, *Breakfast at Tiffany's*, the bangs are almost gone but he is still lying down. Is he enacting an allegory? His production has been slight. At a time when one gets the impression that literary merit is evaluated by the pound, Capote and his publishers have had the hardihood to bring out a book that couldn't weigh more than a few ounces. Flying in the face of yet another current trend, he treats the English language as if it were here to stay and writes a prose of the utmost clarity and precision. These facts should be enough to predispose us in his favor.

Breakfast at Tiffany's, by Truman Capote (Random House; $3.50).

Let us hope so, for on the basis of the current offering, Capote might easily be underestimated by the very people who oversold him when he first appeared. *Breakfast at Tiffany's*, according to the publisher, consists of "a short novel and three stories." There is nothing here for anybody in search of a "major" novelist but at his best, Capote is very, very good, as is illustrated by the fragment called "A Christmas Memory" which appears at the end of this collection. It is just that—a memory of a Christmas season when the author was seven and living with an endearing, childlike old female relative. It is full of kitchen smells and tastes, of outdoor excursions to gather nuts and holly, of the world of things and of childlike human warmth. One is tempted to quote, but it is contrived of so many small touches that one would be obliged to quote it all to convey its whole flavor. It is nostalgic but the observation never blurs or softens, it is affectionate but never sentimental. It is also very funny. One would like it to go on and on but it soon stops. The public image of the author, wan and recumbent, comes to mind and one is grateful that he has found the energy to write this much.

On the other hand, there is the "short novel" which gives this book its title. I think it is fair to assume that it is intended as a study of character, one Holly Golightly, a young lady of nineteen with some fairly free and easy attitudes towards the world. Her past is mysterious, her life at the time we are introduced to her is tumultutous with the animal cravings of the shady gents with whom she surrounds herself and on whom she preys. Eventually, she gets involved inadvertently in a dope ring, is arrested, has a miscarriage of a baby which would otherwise have been born illegitimate, breaks bail provided by a loyal friend, and skips the country. All this is plotted with dazzling skill.

We have met Miss Golightly before. Christopher Isherwood has written of her, or someone so like her that it makes no difference. She has a streaky blond head like a boy's, she has a body like a boy's, she talks like a boy. She is spoiled, inconsiderate, anti-social and, in spite of her casual way with a man, basically frigid. She is the romantic adolescent's projection of the ideal woman who will make no demands on anybody's manhood. Having divested herself of desirability for the fastidious by her declared promiscuity, she can remain just a good chum as she strolls across the room stark naked. Capote writes of her with rapt admiration.

The point of Miss Golightly is that she believes in love. As one of the characters says of her, "She's a *real* phony." In the words of the young lady herself, "A person ought to be able to marry men or women or—listen, if you came to me and said you wanted to hitch up with Man o' War, I'd respect your feelings." She's obviously a comfortable girl to have around, if you're inclined to get a crush on a horse or some other eccentric love object.

In STRUCTURE and plan, this story is curiously reminiscent of Scott Fitzgerald's *The Great Gatsby*. Aside from the effect achieved by the prose, which is at once stylish, detached and colloquial, aside from the unabashed use of theatrical device, a startling parallel may be drawn between the two central characters. Both have cloaked their pasts in elaborate fantasies. Having done many things for which they might be called to account, both are tripped up ironically by something they *didn't* do. Both are betrayed by love. The great difference is that Fitzgerald was constantly scratching away at the surface, revealing the horror and emptiness below; for Capote, the surface is everything. There is only an occasional hint of an awareness that all is not for the best in Holly Golightly's world. As a consequence, his story is never more than clever entertainment, as entertaining, say, as something tossed off by Somerset Maugham, though he lacks too, perhaps, that foxy grandpa's popular touch.

The other two items in the collection may be disposed of briefly. One is called "House of Flowers" and all that need be said of it is that it served as the inspiration for a Broadway musical comedy of considerable charm. The other, "A Diamond Guitar," concerns one of those mute, doomed loves that occur, we learn in books, between men in lowly circumstances, in this case between two inmates of a prison farm. This is Tennessee Williams country and Capote would be well advised not to stray into it again.

"Childlike," but not "childish," is the

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essential word in any discussion of Capote's work. His naïve enthusiasm for Holly Golightly is the child's enthusiasm for the mysterious adult world. "Brats and niggers," as he has one of his characters say of his work, are his special material, at least the former. On the basis of his performance to date, it would be as foolish to expect of him a full-bodied work of mature fiction as it would be to expect him to hold himself erect while sitting for his portrait.

It is tempting to explore the reasons for what is apparently a case of arrested development but it would entail touching on personality and therefore go beyond the bounds of strict literary criticism. If Capote is lying down the better to suck his thumb, it need not concern us once the basic distinctions have been made.

We have a tendency in this country to praise violently and, the aftermath to any excess, to hate ourselves for it the next morning. Every season must have its quota of masterpieces but God help the poor writer who turns out later to be something less than a genius. This is, of course, wasteful of talent, both great and small. We would be wiser and would better serve the national culture of which we hear so much if we learned to count our blessings with greater measure and discrimination. Truman Capote is no genius, despite the manner of his presentation ten years ago, but his music, when in tune, is clear and lovely and I hope that it will still be heard long after Holly Golightly has been forgotten.

Parkinson's Disease

by J. F. Golay

BOTH THE AUTHOR and his publisher make much of the novelty of Mr. Parkinson's approach to political ideas. This claim appears to rest on two suppositions: that Mr. Parkinson takes account of the government of primitive societies hitherto ignored by political theorists and that his own analysis and opinions are new. Both suppositions are quite unfounded.

The Evolution of Political Thought, by C. Northcote Parkinson (Houghton Mifflin; $5)

Mr. Parkinson has indeed quarried his early chapters whole-stone from studies by anthropologists and sociologists, but only British academics who remain invincibly ignorant of all that is published in the social sciences outside their own country could think this approach at all original. American writers on topics in political and social theory have been paying attention to the work of anthropologists for years. Nowadays, political scientists of the younger generation are conducting their own investigations all over Africa and other "neglected" non-European areas.

Following the Greeks, Mr. Parkinson adopts an abstract and largely meaningless definition of forms of government ("monarchy," rule by one; "aristocracy," rule by a few; "democracy," rule by many, etc.) and the notion of the recurring cycle of these forms. Each form is supposed successively to break down and give place to the next until the last (and apparently, according to Mr. Parkinson, most degenerate) phase, "democracy," is reached, whereupon, if anything remains of the society in question, the cycle repeats itself.

This procedure enables Mr. Parkinson to subsume under each type a great many essentially-unlike historical phenomena, draw conclusions about them, and then go on to apply these conclusions to current forms of government of the "same" type. For instance, the Athenian "democracy" is found to have had three fatal flaws: it led to "socialism" (*i.e.*, the majority, the poor, used their power to take wealth from the rich); it could not maintain financial solvency (*i.e.*, the growth of the bureaucracy could not be checked); it could not defend itself against external enemies (*i.e.*, conduct of foreign and colonial policy and war by popular debate and direction failed).

When Mr. Parkinson looks to present-day democracies, sure enough, he discovers the same flaws. Democracy has "led to" socialism. It must be understood that by socialism Mr. Parkinson means any redistribution of income by government whatever, whether within, between, or throughout social and economic classes. By this standard, Mr. Gladstone, who revived the income tax, Mr. Lloyd George, who introduced health insurance, and Mr. Winston Churchill, who sponsored unemployment insurance, all become "socialists"—and one might as well add to the list most of the British prime ministers and chancellors of the exchequer from Disraeli's day to this. Since he offers no opinion, one can only conjecture as to the time when Mr. Parkinson considers that the British dealt with their poor in a proper democratic, unsocialistic manner—perhaps the day when they were shoved into the work houses of the "three Bashaws of Somerset House," or, more probably, an even earlier day when they were shunted back and forth between the parishes by the Poor Law authorities.

Taken as a satirical description of the tendency of modern administration *everywhere*—in business corporations, universities, charitable foundations, international organizations, as well as in governments of all kinds—*Parkinson's Law* was a very acceptable little amusement. But for Mr. Parkinson now to treat his principle as having the authority of a law of nature and to maintain that democratic governments are *unable* to reduce the size of their bureaucracies is simply to assert what common experience refutes. Who does not recall democratic governments at home and abroad that have reduced the public employment rolls, pruned or killed vital public services, and cut or held down salaries to the point where government services became starved for first-class personnel?

WHEN Parkinson wants to show that modern democracies cannot defend themselves from their enemies, he naturally focuses his attention on the defeat of France. The subsequent success at war of the democracies in alliance passes without mention, except for the remark that "the British turned with relief to an aristocratic leader in 1940, leaving the direction of the war thereafter to him and to senior officers who equally dated from the old regime." One wonders where in Mr. Parkinson's scheme of things the "commoners" who led the victorious war governments and armed forces of Australia, Canada, New Zealand, South Africa, and the United States fit in.

Mr. Parkinson makes a show of objectivity in distributing blame for the deplorable record of the democracies in in-

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ternational affairs between the wars, but it is the British Labour Party that gets the worst lambasting—for being disarmament and League of Nations-minded, and, of course, for not being led by "aristocrats." In fact, Mr. Parkinson seems to think that all would have been well if only the pre-1914 leaders had had affairs in their charge after 1918:

> Even after Lloyd George began to found the Welfare State, diplomacy and the armed services remained in aristocratic hands. . . . The result was that the diplomatic preparation for the First World War was admirable. It was conducted, that is to say, solely with regard to national interests.

Mr. Parkinson does not say whether he finds the *military* preparation and generalship of the First World War admirable, nor mention that it was a "commoner" who rescued the British war effort from the calamitous direction of Lord Kitchener and his like. Perhaps Mr. Parkinson counts Earl Lloyd George among the aristocrats.

There are, to be sure, many interesting passages, particularly those dealing with the political ideas of Gandhi. But the whole is spoiled by the current of tendentious interpretation and appraisal that runs throughout. In some quarters, the book might do very well as "Parkinson's Tract for the Times." As a history of political thought, it cannot be taken seriously.

The Inflation Mystery

by Robert Lekachman

PROBABLY the day after human beings substituted money for barter, theorists and practical men of affairs began the long argument over the relation of the volume of money to the general price level which continues into the present. Disagreement has become more heated as banking and financial markets have become more complex and have entwined themselves with the daily life of everybody. Theoretical and practical discussions, unfortunately, coincide in one particular: they throw a great deal more heat than they do light. The hopeful citizen who seeks simple answers to the causes of inflation and the prospects for its control is likely to settle instead for a splitting headache and a new resentment against economists.

Can Inflation Be Controlled? by Harold G. Moulton (Anderson Kramer Associates; $4.95).

He soon discovers that there are nearly as many reasons for inflation as there are experts on the subject. A popular villain right now is labor because, it is argued, unions push wages up more rapidly than productivity rises. Like the general public, employers are helpless in the face of union exactions, as General Motors presumably is putty in Reuther's strong hands. Other theorists discern the fault in the budgetary deficits of the Federal Government and its regrettable habit of printing new money or employing the devious central banking techniques which enlarge the supply of credit. Economists of a more liberal political persuasion frequently put some blame on the administered pricing of most manufacturing industries, and even suggest that these industries covertly encourage wage increases so as to get an excuse to raise prices even more. And, of course, there are urban economists who find one of the keys to inflation in an agricultural policy which raises food prices, increases wages, causes price rises in manufactures, and, ironically, justifies yet another upward readjustment in the farm parity support level. Naturally, this list both abbreviates and oversimplifies. With complete confidence and abundant statistics, commentators, lay and professional, combine these explanations in wondrous ways.

Where there is so little agreement about causes, it is only fair that remedies be equally contradictory. Those who concentrate on unions advocate anything from efforts to enlighten unions about their real interests to legislation which forbids unions to seek wage increases larger than demonstrated gains in productivity. Those who blame the government would limit government spending, raise taxes, and deploy the powers of the Federal Reserve System to limit the sup-

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ply of credit. The critics of monopoly advance their sovereign remedy, vigorous antitrust action designed to disrupt oligopolistic controls over prices, narrow profit margins, and stiffen the spine of employers in collective bargaining negotiations. And so it goes.

HERE is a book which seeks to dispel the fog of confusion. Mr. Moulton's credentials are impressive: as former President of the Brookings Institution which he founded, he has written, according to the dust cover, "more than twenty" economic studies. Much of his work has centered upon prices. Nevertheless, I regret to say that Mr. Moulton's book will not help the inquisitive in search either of understanding or solution. His study is exceedingly opaque in style and elusive in content. Divided into two parts, it starts with a summary, much abbreviated and quite difficult to follow, of the more popular theories of inflation. It proceeds with some scrappy sketches of inflationary episodes scattered throughout human history, and ends with a short prescription for inflation's control. The second part of the book includes two appendices devoted mainly to technical disputations about the quantity theory of money, the income approach to prices, and the many variations economists have played upon both themes. All that a reader is likely to gather from these discussions is the conclusion that Mr. Moulton doesn't agree with any other economist. The conclusion, while interesting to economists, will not fascinate many others.

As for the first, less technical part of the book, the careful reader, blessed with an exceptionally wide span of attention, may after a while gather the drift of Mr. Moulton's argument. In brief, it is the claim that inflation *always* originates in pressures upon costs, more specifically in wage increases. Wages, some 60 percent of all costs in turn push prices up, cause further wage increases, and set in motion the familiar inflationary spiral. Few economists would dispute the conclusion that when other conditions are favorable, wage increases will be translated into inflationary pressure. But these other conditions include a high demand for consumers' goods and a cooperative Federal Reserve System. No reputable economist that I can think of accompanies Mr. Moulton in his conclusion that inflation can *never* start with increases in the supply of money or be restrained by resolute monetary controls. And the same comment applies as strongly to the proposition that inflationary pressures *never* originate in the wish of consumers to save less and spend more—what Keynesian economists usually label an upward shift in the consumption function.

In a messy world, Mr. Moulton has committed the intellectual mistake of arbitrarily choosing one element out of many to explain the complex phenomena which interest him and us. Since the clarity of his style does not match the simplicity of his method, the dubious reward of a pertinacious reader can only be a theoretical explanation of very slight validity. The simple, accurate, and enlightening guide to inflation still awaits its author.

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Art Books: And Still They Come

by Frank Getlein

THE PHAIDON PRESS is a most curious house; in an age which has become that of the art book, with new ideas in format and presentation bursting out like hives, and the museum without walls coming into its own, Phaidon continues on a course set almost 35 years ago. Color reproduction is much improved; it would have to be. But while almost every other publisher models his output, in one interpretation or another, on a stroll through an ideal museum with an informed and clever companion, Phaidon's model remains, basically, the scholarly lecture illustrated with slides and with a great deal of information packed into notes which are dictated to the class as the slides are projected.

This approach is not necessarily bad. Also, after several decades of determinedly ticking off the masters, schools and periods of art history, the firm, in order to persevere in its scholarly integrity, is forced into minor masters of many periods, people and works that appear as accoutrements or do not appear at all in the livelier style of art book publishing.

In a half-hearted effort to break this pattern, Phaidon brings out a new series, the Alpha books, small, as art books go, and, at $3.95, aimed at a wider market. The first three titles reveal the old preoccupation with usefulness rather than either novelty or financial security: Manet, an important figure, but nowhere near as popular as any of a dozen other 19th Century French painters; Raoul Dufy, delightful painter, but not considered important and often not considered at all in the course of 20th Century painting; and Grünewald, not only still relatively unknown, but actively repulsive to many and a German at a time (early 16th Century) when the thing to be was Italian.

ALL THREE are helpful examinations of their men. The Grünewald has an old essay by Huysmans which contains the interesting suggestion that the highly individual, agonized treatment of Christ

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crucified corresponds to the ancient dogma that the Saviour "took upon Himself" the sins of the world. This was probably the last attempt by a qualified art critic to explain religious painting in religious terms. As elsewhere, Phaidon here continues the vanishing practice of using black and white photographs as well as colored ones and it's not such a loss as you might think.

PHAIDON'S Vermeer ($10) by Ludwig Goldscheider uses this mixture of color and monochrome to singular advantage. Often the black and white is the whole picture; the colored detail which follows is given in the size of the original, an immense advantage and one particularly apt for the intimate world of Jan Vermeer. The text is as cool as the painting, but it effectively destroys the sentimental popularization of Dutch wholesomeness by books and a movie in the last decade.

The Phaidon bent is also shown in *Italian Renaissance Sculpture* ($20; until Christmas, $17.50) by John Pope-Hennessy. You'll look in vain for Michelangelo; he's due in volume three, this is only volume two; volume one, three years ago, dealt with Italian Gothic. Almost 40 sculptors of the 15th Century are handled and illustrated in 144 plates and 165 text illustrations, beginning with Donatello, Ghiberti and Brunelleschi and going through the throng of productive, talented men who connect these great innovators with Michelangelo. A beautiful book not only for the student but for anyone attentive to Phaidon's constant lesson that the course of art contains far more numerous delights than are visible in a survey of the peaks.

This lesson is applied wholeheartedly in *Cosimo Tura* ($12.50) by Eberhard Ruhmer. Like many Phaidon books, this is a "complete" edition, reproducing and discussing everything the 15th Century Ferrara painter did, and a lot that he didn't do but that was formerly attributed to him. It would be remarkably easy to get through life without having the vaguest idea of Tura's existence, but his work adds a note to the century, showing, among other things, that the "degeneracies" of later Mannerism existed in Italy well before Michelangelo invented a grand style from which to degenerate. And Tura's own worth is considerable, not only as the perfect expression of the rather odd Este court, but as a high example of the ingenious in art.

The ingenious goes back long before Tura and recurs regularly. Its chief 20th Century embodiment is the painting of Salvador Dali and the New York Graphic Society's *Dali* ($15) does a much more creditable job for the Spanish Surrealist than he has ever managed to do for himself in a lifetime of trying. The text by A. Reynolds Morse, an American collector who collects nothing but Dali, makes a good deal of sense out of the ingenious language Dali has invented to describe his work. An appreciation by the French critic Michel Tapié traces some of the constant symbols and devices in 40 years of painting. There are close to a hundred photographs and seventeen color plates, beautifully printed and laid out. These form the real point of the book, a serious review of Dali's work. There actually are several points of contact with Tura, but the main one is ingenuity, which takes on a new value in the light of cultivated naïveté in much contemporary painting. Dali would have done well in the court of the Estes and Tura would have given his eye teeth for the paranoic-critical method.

The Praeger Picture Encyclopedia of Art ($17.50) is probably the first all out effort to combine the growing resources of modern art reproduction with those of art scholarship. The scope is immense: in time, from the Early Stone Age to the present; in space, from the Mediterranean to Europe, to America, to Asia and Africa and the South Pacific; in category, painting, sculpture, architecture, graphic arts, crafts. The treatment is thorough if, for obvious reasons, not exhaustive. The attitude is, on the whole, benevolent neutrality, with sympathetic curiosity toward any art existing anytime anywhere, none of it being regarded as only a step toward something else. The format is designed for usefulness. Each of eight chronological or geographical sections begins with a series of essays and then goes into an alphabetical arrangement of descriptions, biographies, critical summaries, technical explanations. Close to 600 pictures, almost 200 in color, are well integrated. The book could well be the keystone of a general reader's art library.

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Books in Brief

***An Unhurried View of Erotica,* by Ralph Ginzburg, with an introduction by Theodor Reik and preface by George Jean Nathan (Helmsman; $6.50).**

ONE HURRIES through *An Unhurried View of Erotica,* after the pious and pointless introduction and preface, in search of the promises held out by one of the most vigorous and extensive advertising campaigns given a recent book. Few people have the nerve to confess any interest in or knowledge of erotica; when such a person does appear and with a book that promises not only to prove that erotica is great literature but also to give us a taste of it, he and his work deserve some attention. In this case, as in so many others before it, it is a waste of time. There is no reason for either a hurried or an unhurried view of this book; it does not really deserve the space being given it here.

Mr. Ginzburg's theories are both vague and unsupported. He has nothing new to say: who has *not* heard of Ovid's *Art of Love* (a very long quotation from which together with unduly large type and wide spacing take up a good (?) part of the book) or of *Fanny Hill*? His other samples of erotica are as antiquated and easily seen. His logic, when apparent, is self-contradictory. Of all the exaggerations, foggy intentions, unfulfilled promises and arbitrariness, one usurpation of fact that seems most reprehensible, and just simply annoying, is the assumption that the word "erotic" can be expanded from its dictionary meaning of "relating to, or treating of sexual love" (*Webster's Collegiate Dictionary*) to anything from the slightly improper or off-color to the most obscene and lewd.

And, just how "limited" is an edition that has already been reprinted many times (in response, no doubt, to instilled demand) in thousands of copies?

J.M.E.

***Good Fences Make Good Neighbors,* by Joseph Barber (Bobbs-Merrill; $4).**

THERE is a sibling rivalry between the United States and Canada. The United States is the big brother. It is aggravatingly patronizing, often without knowing it. It is affectionate all right and the affection is genuine and deep but it just takes the other for granted. The smaller sibling doesn't want to be taken for granted. Oh, it is affectionate too, if you come to that, but living in the shadow of a big brother can be terribly exasperating. Protecting its identity takes a lot of time; sometimes it feels it must fight every minute or be taken over and lose its personality. The vacuous friendliness of its southern relative seems (in some moods) almost intolerable. It could be as smothering and deadly as that of a starfish for a scallop.

Joseph Barber makes this half-unconscious sibling struggle plain on a kind of psychiatrist's couch. His style is agreeably straightforward and lucid and he remains cool and impartial. Yes, the US is patronizing but yes (also) Canadians are proud and sensitive. Mr. Barber does everybody a service by not being sentimental; there is not a bit of treacle in the book.

It is a pity that Mr. Barber is not more interested in governmental and economic institutions: part of Canada's resentment toward America comes from a people with a sophisticated, flexible parliamentary system for a nation with a fumbling form of government that clumsily divides Executive and Legislature into rival compartments. Canada has and believes in a good deal of state ownership and finds America's prim timidity on such matters incredible. Mr. Barber doesn't even mention this and yet the simple fact that, with 3000 miles of adjacent border the average American is almost wholly unaware of the situation, shows just how far friendly indifference can go.

R. S.

Notes on Contributors

MOJMIR SOUKUP is a young writer and philosopher. Born in Prague, he left Czechoslovakia after the Communist coup of 1948. CONRAD AIKEN has just published a volume of his collected criticism. JAMES ROWE, JR., now a Washington attorney, was formerly Administrative Assistant to President Roosevelt. GORDON MERRICK is the author of several novels, the newest of which is *The Hot Season.* J. F. GOLAY is Dean of Faculties at Roosevelt College in Chicago.

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WILFRED E. BINKLEY
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The Novels of Waldo Frank (Pennsylvania; $5).

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MOVIES

The Second Mr. Hulot

ONE of the latter-day staples of the "art" movie houses is Jacques Tati's 1953 film, *Mr. Hulot's Holiday.* Its revivals attract large audiences, many of whom apparently know it by heart; the laughter of the *aficionado* who is seeing a film for the third or fourth time has its own possessive quality. Tati has now released his next film, *My Uncle, Mr. Hulot,* and it seems to me that the faults which marred the first film have proliferated in the second.

My Uncle, Mr. Hulot (Continental).

Certain achievements must be credited to Tati, which explain his hard-core devotees. He is the only performer I know of in sound films (possibly excepting Cantinflas) who is attempting to recapture the immensely more imaginative and abstract comedy of silent days. As his own director, he has extraordinary visual taste and a strong sense of design; some of the shots in this new film are as startling as salon photographs or French posters. As co-author of his own script, he shows powers of invention and distillation. But for myself, I kept feeling all through Hulot 1, which I saw again recently, that I ought to be laughing more than I was, and with Hulot 2, I was for long stretches quite bored.

The chief trouble with Mr. Hulot is that he doesn't exist. He has no more character than a circus clown, and his films do not tell stories about him, they merely accrete scenes in which he appears. But, oddly, many of the scenes that amused me most in these two films didn't even concern him—scenes like the confusion on the train platforms at the very opening of No. 1 or a game that some boys play in No. 2. (They hide behind a fence, and one of them whistles when someone walks by; if the passer-by turns his head as he walks and collides with the lamp-post on the corner, the boy who whistled scores a point.)

No. 1 told of Hulot's various *contre-temps* at a seaside resort, after which he simply got in his beetle-car and went home. In No. 2, he is the bumbling brother-in-law of a rich industrialist. Hulot lives in the garret of a quaint old house while his sister and her husband live in a large modern house which is mechanized within an inch of its and their lives. Their young son is fonder of his grasshopper uncle than he is of his efficient father. Thus we have the familiar argument of the superiority of the curlicue to the clean angle, of comfortable disorder to oppressive antisepsis, and (I suppose) of the soul to the brain. It is *Modern Times* and *A Nous la Liberté* warmed over, but not quite.

The picture ends with the departure of Hulot as father and son are brought together by the father's learning to be peccably human. But Hulot has not brought them together; he is unaware, seemingly, of any trouble between them —indeed, unaware of anything in the world around him. He does not (as Chaplin did) express antipathy to an enslaving system. On his two expeditions into offices, he is anxious to serve but is swamped with accident; at the film's end he leaves on another job, still anxious to serve. For all we know, Hulot is eager to make good and have a push-button house just like his brother-in-law's.

Hulot is used by Tati, as actor and director, as a creature of silhouettes; there is never a close-up of him, and his facial expressions count for little. Crippled for us both as character and personality, Hulot is further hampered not only by a lack of story but by the picture's lack of focus on him, as well as by the way he is allowed to leak into it at the beginning and out of it at the end. The film is about ten minutes along before we meet him, he shares screen time fairly evenly with his relatives throughout (which may be generous but is poor art), and a couple of minutes before the end, he simply leaves the picture, he doesn't exit. The laws of the theatre are not academic; they grow out of audience need. Tati violates them and leaves us unsatisfied.

As writer, Tati is fertile but not thorough. Effects are repeated without variation. For example, there is a street-cleaner who turns from conversation to sweep away rubbish, only to turn back for another comment just before his brush moves. The first and second times, it's funny; we can predict it, thereafter, and it is never worked into Hulot's adventures (as Keaton or Langdon would have done).

All through the picture there are unfulfilled ideas. The rich couple have invited guests, and when the buzzer sounds, the husband pushes the button on the verandah that releases the front gate. In a long shot we see the newcomer in what looks like a fez, seemingly holding out a rug. The husband tells the rug-peddler to leave, but the peddler remains in the gateway, gesticulating. This is continued for about thirty seconds, then it's discovered that the peddler is in fact the lady from next door in smart cloche and large shawl, and all we can think is, "Why did she stand so long in the gateway?" Chaplin would have had the angry husband tell the peddler to leave, the husband would then have gone about his business, and the wife would have discovered the error and apologized and invited the neighbor in, the husband would have returned to see the supposed peddler in his garden (back view, legs concealed by hedge) and would have gone up and kicked him in the seat. Thus the initial comic situation would have been developed and concluded. As is, it's just an idea: fizzled.

ONLY two strands are woven to a conclusion: the whistle-and-collision gag, which accidentally unites father and son, and the theme of the concierge's teenage daughter who adores Hulot. Every morning as she waits by the door for a sight of him, he touches her nose affectionately. At the end, when he's leaving, she appears in long hair, tight dress, and high-heeled shoes — transformed. He is embarrassed, and touches her mother's nose, instead. More of this, more progress, of cumulation, would have eliminated the episodic lumpiness of the film and might have made it a comedy of exceptional quality.

Tati is a gifted man: a composer of striking pictures, a perceiver of the potentially comic in the everyday, a performer with a witty style. But, even more with the second Hulot picture than with the first, I found myself wishing that he would now make a finished work out of the stimulating notes he has jotted down on film.

STANLEY KAUFFMANN

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Correspondence

(Continued from page 3)

We are founded in the democratic faith, and in a democracy the majority rules. Except, however, when the courts rule us. And except as the Senate itself was constructed and has been retained to dilute rather than to represent the power of a numerical majority. And except as we expect the President at times to defy the clamor of the majority of the moment by interposing his veto. We are not a perfect democracy, of course, because we fear our own unchecked power. And so the question is whether, having regard for the whole complicated, interlocking institutional structure of our government, in which majority rule (or misrule) and opportunity for effective minority resistance both have a place—whether, keeping the balance of the entire system in view, it would be a good thing to have majority rule in the matter of Senate debate.

The composition of the Senate, abetted by the seniority system which works in favor of the representatives of small electorates so enhances minority power anyway that to allow a simple majority to impose cloture may be thought merely to redress the balance. But, though I heartily agree that the balance needs redressing, I believe that this is the wrong way to do it.

As the concerns of government have grown in number and complexity, modern legislatures have tended more and more to become bill factories. Such has been the fate of the House of Representatives, and in large measure—so the British complain—of the House of Commons as well. These legislatures have thus ceased to perform a function vital to representative, progressive government—the function of informed deliberation, the educational function that debate fulfills both for the legislators themselves and for the public at large.

To the end that it may better perform this function, the British have embarked on a program of strengthening the membership of the House of Lords. With us the function has been performed in part by the Supreme Court and, under the rules of free debate, by the Senate. And nowhere else. Of course the Senate's freedom has been abused. The spectacle of Huey Long reading the Bible or the telephone directory can scarcely be termed debate. But it is the price of debate.

I think the Senate needs reform. I think it needs either to modify the seniority system or to limit the power of chairmen and of the leadership to control the flow of business to the floor; or both. And of course a rule allowing cloture by something less than the unattainable constitutional two-thirds is needed. Such reforms would go far to enable Northern liberals to come creatively to grips with the civil rights problem. But I cannot free myself of the belief that it would be short-sighted, though immediately most expeditious, to reform the Senate by giving a simple majority the power to silence.

ALEXANDER M. BICKEL
Yale University

". . . the weapon of the liberal"

I HOPE that liberals everywhere in the North will stop, look, and listen for a moment before they once again band together for the removal of the filibuster in the US Senate.

I served six years in the Texas Legislature and at the voluntary conclusion of my membership in that body I was rated by such conflicting groups as the Texas Manufacturers' Association and the CIO as having a solid liberal voting record. I have done legal work in conjunction with the NAACP. Sen. Paul Douglas, that ancient foe of the filibuster, is an old US Marine Corps friend and an old hero of mine. I had a father who was a fighting man and I have a dog named Harry Truman Maverick. The point of this paragraph is to prove that while I love the South and Texas—I ain't no Southern reactionary.

I tell you that the filibuster has been the weapon of the liberal in the legislatures of the South, and at times his only weapon. For example, former Rep. Edgar Berlin of Port Neches, Texas, and I filibustered to death the resolution to set up an Un-American Activities Committee which was really designed to kick the professors around at the University of Texas. Through the filibuster, the liberal group I belonged to finally destroyed the censorship bill which would have emptied every public library in Texas of its books. Through the filibuster, the Negro has received his only defense in our legislature. I could go on.

Before you take away the right of the Souther Senator to use the filibuster (and I think he should have that right) you had better take a long country look down the road ahead—be you white or black, Catholic, Protestant or Jew, liberal or conservative—and ponder the fact that when you take the filibuster away from Senator Eastland you take that right away from yourself.

MAURY MAVERICK, JR.
San Antonio, Texas

. . . In Reply

We share Mr. Bickel's and Mr. Maverick's concern that nothing be done to change the deliberative character of the US Senate. And we agree that extended Senate debate may educate the country and sometimes forestall adoption of undesirable legislation. But close to 34 six-hour days seem to us reasonable time to devote to discussion of a given issue before requiring a vote—which is what the Douglas-Humphrey-Case-Javits bill for majority cloture would allow. The history of the cloture rule is proof that requiring a ⅔ majority is equivalent to accepting veto by a minority. The right of a minority to be heard in full surely should not mean that a minority is entitled to block indefinitely, action by a majority.—THE EDITORS

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